The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1928 No. 3273

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 333
EDITORIALS:
President Coolidge's Misfeasance 336
America Waking Up 337
Light from Chapel Hill 337
Norris's Power Plant 338
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 339
WITH SANDINO IN NICARAGUA—VI. SANDINO—BANDIT OR PATRIOT? By Carleton Beals 340
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES—VI. JAMES A. REED. By Oswald Garrison Villard 342
PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION. By Margaret Naumburg 344
THE EDITOR. By W. L. G. 345
SOVIET GOLD AND THE FRENCH INTRIGUE. By Percival Musgrave 346
THE ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE REPORTS 348
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 349
CORRESPONDENCE 350
BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS:
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 351
Literary Africa. By Melville J. Herskovits 351
Gandhi. By W. Norman Brown 352
Polished History. By William MacDonald 353
The Cotton-Mill Problem. By Broadus Mitchell 353
Cézanne. By Walter Gutman 354
Fiction Shorts. By C. P. F. 354
Music: Circus Strong Men. By B. H. Haggin 355
Drama: Appropriate Romance. By Joseph Wood Krutch 356
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Martyred Tyrol. By G. E. R. Gedye 358

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

LEWIS S. GANNETT

DOROTHY GRAFFE VAN DOREN

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Managing Editor FREDA KIRCHWEY

Literary Editor MARK VAN DOREN

Contributing Editors

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS HEYWOOD BROUN CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 18, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

She's got rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
Elephants to ride upon. . . .

YOU REMEMBER HER, don't you?—that heroine of your childhood who "on St. Patrick's Day" became "Mrs. Mumbo Jumbo Jigaboo Jay—O'Shay"? We do not guarantee the spelling of her name, but we can still sing it; and we cannot help thinking that recently it must have echoed occasionally in the brain of Miss Nancy Ann Miller of Seattle who, on St. Patrick's day of this year, in the city of Barwala, India, became "Her Highness, the Maharanee Devi Sharmista Holkar," wife of the ex-Maharajah of Indore. There were elephants to ride upon; there were gold embroidered shawls, pearl necklaces ornamented with diamond bangles, and gold rings on the bride's bare toes; there were musicians and dancers and performers; there were ceremonials and rites and a banquet served to 10,000 guests. Nancy Ann Miller was dipped in the Godavari River—dressed in a blue saree and gold-embroidered slippers—and she emerged a Hindu and a Brahmin. Her conversion to Hinduism, she told reporters, fulfilled "a dream of her girlhood." We choose to believe that this is true. It is pleasant to imagine the Maharanee, not so many years ago, loafing around the diggings in Miller's Gulch in the Slake Creek district of Alaska (her father was a gold prospector and Nancy Ann was the tomboy of the camp), fingering a hunk of ore, and dreaming of her future. "If I decide not to be a gold miner when I grow up," she doubtless mused, "I might as well marry a Maharajah and live in India. Of course I'd have to quit being a Christian and take up the Hindu religion, but that would be all right. Do Hindu ladies wear veils? I suppose he'd have about a hundred wives and concubines. Well, what would I care? I'd be his favorite wife. Yup, I guess I'll be a Hindu Princess." And then, the chances are, she poked her bare foot into the dust of Miller's Gulch and sang to herself—

She's got rings on her fingers; bells on her toes;
Elephants to ride upon. . . .

FRANK KELLOGG AND ARISTIDE BRIAND love peace. "The Government of the United States," Mr. Kellogg wrote to M. Briand, "desires to see the institution of war abolished, and stands ready to conclude . . . a single multilateral treaty . . . binding the parties thereto not to resort to war with one another." M. Briand has not replied, but it is reliably reported that he was, to put it mildly, flabbergasted. He had, a year ago, proposed a treaty outlawing war, and Mr. Kellogg had offered him in return an "arbitration treaty," limiting arbitration to subjects which did not concern domestic matters, third parties, or the Monroe Doctrine. M. Briand had added France's obligations to the League, signed on the dotted line, and perhaps, smiled. Now that Mr. Kellogg a few weeks later has proposed an "unqualified, multilateral, anti-war treaty," M. Briand must be asking himself some of the annoying questions suggested by the French press. "When is a war not a war?" asks, for instance, the conservative *Journal des Débats*, continuing "A nation may commit acts of force and say that it is not war." Nor was Nicaragua the only question raised. "All we can see in this Kellogg business," says *l'Humanité*, "is that . . . the party of the trusts . . . is trying to appear before the electorate as a great promoter of peace. Well, how about their naval program?"

WELL, HOW ABOUT THE NAVAL PROGRAM? The House of Representatives has just passed, by a vote of 287 to 58, a bill providing for the expenditure of $274,000,000 for fifteen new 10,000-ton cruisers, at $17,000,000 each, and one new aircraft-carrier. This is the largest addition to the fleet made since 1916! Yet horrible as it is to contemplate such a jingo program, this is so much better than Secretary Wilbur's original proposal as to inspire paeans of joy. Mr. Wilbur, it will be recalled, proposed an $800,000,000 program, including 25 cruisers, 32 submarines, 9 destroyer leaders, and 5 aircraft-carriers; and the Navy League assures us that the press of this country was more than three to one in favor of it. Yet the women's leagues, the churches, the peace-loving masses of the country poured into Washington such an avalanche of protest that Mr. Coolidge right-about-faced and the House committee cut the program down by more than half. The $274,000,000 bill now goes to the Senate. The Navy League and the Legion hope to increase it there. We do not believe that the American people will permit them to do so.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAY IN NICARAGUA, the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate says, until you have a fair election. Which is telling the marines to dig in and settle down. It becomes clearer and clearer that the business of policing is not so simple as it sounds. The Nicaragua House of Deputies, by a vote of 23 to 17, has again turned down the unconstitutional law making Brigadier General Frank McCoy, U. S. A., dictator of the Nicaraguan electoral system; and the Americans are now putting pressure on the Supreme Court and the puppet President, Diaz, to do by executive decree what the Congress refused to do by legal procedure. Maybe they will succeed; but what then? The Liberals, who are at present in favor with the Yankee authorities, will not relish an election with four Liberal provinces left out; and the marines are not yet in a position to open polling-booths in Sandino territory. But suppose the thousand men being sent to reinforce the American army now in Nicaragua should succeed in destroying Sandino's gallant band, what then? Does anyone believe that a candidate elected under the guns of the United States Marine Corps could hold office six hours after the departure of the last marine? Our present policy has already led us to flout the Nicaraguan constitution and to denounce the election law prepared by Americans under American auspices only five years ago; it commits us to partisan positions; it gets us in deeper and deeper. Soon we shall be mired so badly that we shall have to appeal to the other Latin-American Powers to get us out.

WHEN MAYOR WALKER welcomed the five hundred Hungarians who came to New York to assist in unveiling a statue to Louis Kossuth, he said that our doors would "always be open to people devoted to democracy and pledged to fair play." Strange words to choose in addressing the representatives of one of the cruelest dictatorships on the face of Europe today! Unlike the enthusiastic representatives of the Anti-Horthy League, *The Nation* would not drive off this reactionary invasion from our shores. But it seems well to remind the country, as Oscar Jaszi did in *The Nation* last week, that the true followers of Louis Kossuth have been exiled and tortured and imprisoned by the government which these emissaries represent.

PORTO RICO might ask either for statehood within the union or for complete independence from it with more logic and justice than for a "free state." As President Coolidge points out, Porto Rico now enjoys certain financial assistance from the United States in that its government is allowed the customs collected at its ports (although it cannot regulate the tariff to fit its own needs), the federal income taxes paid by its residents, and the internal revenue derived from the sale of its products in the United States. To permit it to keep these, to live under the protection of the United States, and yet at the same time to be free of any responsibility to or restraint by the federal government would put Porto Rico in a preferred position to our States and Territories. Yet the Porto Ricans recall that just before their transfer to the United States, Spain granted them more freedom and responsibility—including a ministry responsible to the Porto Rican Legislature, and sixteen representatives in the Spanish Parliament—than the United States has yet seen fit to grant. Early in his term President Coolidge recommended that Porto Rico have an elective governor in 1932; now he has forgotten that, and in his reply to the Porto Ricans he neglects to note that the governor he appoints has a veto over the acts of the Legislature, and that even laws repassed over the veto, by a two-thirds vote, go to the President for final decision. What Porto Rico needs most is economic aid. With a population ten times as dense per square mile as that of the United States, and with absentee owners exploiting its sugar and tobacco industries, the island needs land and tax laws designed to keep more of its wealth at home.

MINERS' FAMILIES ARE STARVING; miners' children are cold and sick. The Senate committee investigating the mine situation has done an immeasurable service not only to the miners but to the operators as well by bringing some of these matters into the open. At the suggestion of John H. Jones, an independent Pittsburgh operator, plans are on foot for another coal conference between operators and representatives of the mine workers, with a view to creating a body similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission for regulation of the industry as a whole. Sensible operators, of whom there are many, realize that coal troubles are not local; that the entire industry needs reorganization. But meanwhile, a letter such as was lately introduced at the Senate hearings by Harry T. Brundidge, a reporter for the St. Louis *Star*, offers one of the innumerable obstacles to such a solution. It reads in part as follows:

> To all mine superintendents:
>
> The United States Senate Investigating Committee is now visiting the Pittsburgh district. Clean up all unsightly conditions. Keep our police in the background. Instruct our men to keep out of trouble. Avoid all arrests. If the committee desires to question our employees, see to it that you present men . . . who can be depended upon to give the right kind of answers. . . .

If this Pittsburgh Coal Company letter is authentic, it is a confession of guilt. It will take more than a federal commission to change conditions like these.

AL SMITH on January 12, 1920, appointed Harry F. Sinclair a member without salary of the New York State Racing Commission; and Sinclair remained a member until he resigned in April, 1925. Senator Robinson of Indiana and Senator Nye of North Dakota have stated that Sinclair contributed to Al Smith's campaign fund in the autumn of 1920, but the records do not bear them out. A thousand-dollar contribution in 1918 and $250 in 1926, both given to a New York County Democratic committee, are all that could be found. It does not seem likely that Governor Smith ever knew of them, and his indignation at the attempt to besmirch his name is justified. There is no possible link between the Governor of New York and the Teapot Dome scandal. The appointment and the 1918 contribution both antedate the oil negotiations—they occurred when Woodrow Wilson was still President. Al Smith at that time had no more reason to distrust Sinclair than any other wealthy man. Senator Robinson's attempt (Mr. Nye merely repeated the story) to palliate the open bribery, deceit, and crime of the Republicans by slinging mud at Al Smith should be exposed and defeated.

"THE LESS THE PUBLIC KNOWS about candy-making the better," said the manager of one of New York City's largest candy factories during the course of an investigation just completed by the Consum-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers' League of New York. Indeed, the facts revealed are not palatable. In the twenty-five representative factories studied in New York City the candy workers—mostly young girls, three-fifths of them under 21—are unbelievably overworked and pitifully underpaid. Compelled to work in violation of all law as much as 65 or 70 hours per week during the rush season from September to Christmas, the girls find work only two or three days a week during the dull season. A third of them are laid off altogether. The beginning wage is generally $12 for full time. In the comparatively busy month of March the median wage in 1927 was $13.75; 45 per cent of the girls, however, worked undertime, and their median wage was only $11.75. Sanitary conditions are also in a state of sad neglect. In some factories the girls wear dirty sweaters, pick up candy that has dropped to the floor, and often handle candy without washing their hands. Only three of the twenty-five factories were reported as "very clean," while twelve were considered "unnecessarily dirty." The sanitary code requiring a medical examination before employment was almost completely disregarded; only three factories required a food-handler's card on entry, while in ten others the workers had never heard of medical examinations! Yet this prosperous industry sold $248,883,257 worth of manufactured candy in 1925, and expects to pass the half billion mark in 1928.

PULLMAN PORTERS have a long-standing grievance against their company which they are now threatening to adjudicate through a strike. The Pullman Company doggedly refuses to recognize or treat with the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in any way. Should a strike be declared, it would, in the expectation of the brotherhood's officers, constitute a national emergency according to the terms of the Watson-Parker act and President Coolidge would have to appoint an arbitration board to pass on the issue. Thus, automatically, the Pullman Company would have to face the demands of its unionized workers. The brotherhood is rightly seeking to eliminate the demeaning system of tips and substitute an adequate wage scale based upon a working period of 240 hours a month. The brotherhood tried to get its case decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but that body lately ruled that it had no jurisdiction as the question was primarily one of wages.

NOBODY IN AMERICA could know even by name all of the seventy-five persons who are getting Guggenheim fellowships this year, and this is as it should be. For one thing, the fields of study which they are to explore for a year in Europe are radically diverse; for another thing, many of them are only beginning to be established in their careers, and hence are relatively obscure. It is the business of the Guggenheim committee to discover those scholars, scientists, and artists whose promise is at present the most interesting thing about them. Yet the list of awards as published is impressive, and seems to indicate a general loosening up of the committee mind in at least this instance. Of the value of certain extremely specialized purposes for which Americans are being sent abroad—"to continue a study of Italian brick-work of the Lombard period," "to make quantitative studies of human muscle tomus," "to study electric discharge in gases at high frequencies"—we cannot speak. But many of the projects sound important, and several beneficiaries of the fund—W. Norman Brown, Felix Morley, Louis R. Gottschalk, and others—are well known to us through contributions which they have made to *The Nation*. It is particularly gratifying to note that the choice of the creative writers on the list—Paul Green, Leonie Adams, Countee Cullen, Lynn Riggs, Allen Tate, and Eric Walrond—was such as could not have been dictated by a conservative or sleepy taste. It is also gratifying to see the names of three Negroes.

THE NEW YORK CHAPTER of the American Institute of Architects has rightly given to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., its annual award for the best apartment-house construction in New York during 1927. This is the group of buildings between 149th and 150th Streets and Seventh and Eighth Avenues which Mr. Rockefeller has built for colored tenants in order to give them attractive homes at a minimum cost. The result, for which special credit must also be given to the architect, Andrew J. Thomas, is a distinguished block of six large units, comprising 2,392 rooms, notable not only for their architectural effect, but for the really astounding use of the land. Only 49.7 per cent of the area is covered by the buildings, the remainder being given to playgrounds, gardens, and courts, which afford ample opportunity for the children to obtain exercise and amusement without going into the streets. Swings, slides, merry-go-rounds, and all sorts of gymnasium equipment are at their disposal. The room plans are the results of Mr. Thomas's years of successful apartment designing. Every room has cross ventilation, even the six-room apartments have two baths, and hallways have been reduced to a minimum. Every foot of space has been made to count, and the necessary fire-escapes have been placed on the court-side so as to leave the fronts free of these hideous incumbrances. Mr. Rockefeller is selling these apartments on a cooperative plan and the monthly upkeep will run from $11.50 to $17.50 per room. We venture to suggest that every municipality in the country would profit by a study of these buildings.

IN THE OLD DAYS when a whale was washed up on the beach in England it was decreed that the head should go to the king and the tail to the queen while the finder might have what was in between. But as a whale's waist is like that of a delicatessen-store keeper's wife of about 200 pounds' weight, it always turned out that the tail began where the head ended and there was nothing in between. So finding whales on the beach was not exactly a lucrative business. And so it proved also for four out-of-works who found a whale in Gowanus Bay, a sewage-soaked, oil-polluted backwash of New York harbor on the Brooklyn side. The whale, some twenty feet long, was about all in when discovered, but even so it required a motor boat and a forenoon's work to beach the creature. When finally landed there was no king or queen to consider, but nobody seemed to want head, tail, or part between, and the finders eventually sold their catch for $50 to the American Museum of Natural History to be preserved as a skeleton. Yet the find was little short of miraculous, for not only does it seem remarkable that a whale should penetrate a busy harbor and be able to live in its polluted waters, but the discovery of the four out-of-works turned out to be a sperm whale, usually a warm-water animal. How it came to visit New York in early March we leave to the ancient blubber-hunters of New Bedford or Nantucket to explain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Coolidge's Misfeasance

ON a single morning of last week the New York dailies printed no fewer than four grave attacks upon President Coolidge. One was by Senator Reed, who has attacked the President by name in twenty different States on his recent speaking tour; two came from Senators in the course of the previous day's debate on the oil scandals; and the fourth was by Commissioner Edward P. Costigan of the United States Tariff Commission. The latter's onslaught was so detailed and fortified, and charged such clear misfeasance in office that it is hard to understand how a man with self-respect could have refrained from an immediate defense. But Mr. Coolidge remains as silent about this attack on his honor as about the oil scandals.

Commissioner Costigan was presenting his resignation from the service after more than ten years of employment by the government—a voluntary resignation submitted because he could no longer be even an unwilling and protesting party to the prostitution of the commission by the President. This he sets forth in a long letter to Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate committee which for two years has been investigating, or pretending to investigate, the Tariff Commission. Mr. Costigan specifically accuses Mr. Coolidge of "packing" the commission by appointing to it and retaining on it utterly unworthy men; by playing politics with it; by overruling its recommendations, made after months of study at great cost, because of the political pressure brought to bear upon him by those who line their pockets through unjustifiably high tariffs—unjustifiable even from the protectionist point of view. Mr. Costigan further charges the President with deliberately subverting the purpose of Congress when it established the commission. He shows that the President, who in this respect has exactly followed in Mr. Harding's footsteps, has kept the Tariff Commission from becoming the scientific tariff control-valve it was intended to be, and has made it merely a means of jacking the tariff up steadily at the expense of the American consumer.

This faithful public servant, Mr. Costigan, has taken the unusual course of resigning because he has given up hope of any change. When Senator Robinson's committee was appointed he thought that it would bring relief by reporting the facts. For two years it has been in existence; for two years some secret force has kept it from concluding its work and giving its findings to the public. Mr. Costigan does not hesitate to state his belief that there is also some superior power controlling the President. It is common talk in Washington that the President has lost respect for the chairman, Mr. Marvin, who long before his appointment by Mr. Harding was a paid tariff lobbyist for New England interests, a fanatical protectionist, and the secretary of the Home Market Club of Boston. Yet year after year Mr. Coolidge redesignates this man as chairman and associates with him another ex-lobbyist and another protection fanatic, a "yes-man" who boasts that he is on the commission to do the will of the majority whether he believes in it or not.

In five years, Mr. Costigan reports, at a cost of approximately three million dollars, the commission has rendered only thirty-two reports to the President under the flexible-tariff provisions of the Tariff Act of 1922. These reports have resulted in twenty-three Presidential proclamations making alterations in tariff rates. As we have previously pointed out, in only five cases, all of little or no importance, have the rates been reduced—on millfeed, bobwhite quail, paint-brush handles, phenol, and cresylic acid. In eighteen cases the President has raised the tariff, sometimes ordering the maximum increases, and many of the articles affected, like iron ore, are of great importance. It is impossible that this proportion of cases is a true indication of the changes that the tariff situation calls for.

But, it may be said, is President Coolidge responsible for this? Are these not the acts of the commission itself? Let us see. Commissioner Costigan points out that the President has declined to act on several cases of great importance to the public in which the commission has recommended changes and reductions. Take the sugar case. In 1924 the commission recommended to the President a decrease of the tariff of about half a cent per pound, which would have saved the taxpaying consumers of the United States at least $40,000,000 a year. The President overruled the commission and yielded to the Sugar Trust. The linseed oil case is even worse for Mr. Coolidge. On March 3, 1925, the most hidebound protectionist members of the commission recommended a definite reduction in duty which would have lowered the price of paints, especially important, as Mr. Costigan points out, to the farmers. What did Mr. Coolidge do? After waiting a year, on February 6, 1926, he sent the report back for a "fuller investigation," as if that were possible. The tariff continues where it was. If this record does not constitute misfeasance in office we should like to know what could.

But even this does not begin to tell the tale. Not only has Mr. Coolidge destroyed the value of the commission by overriding its best recommendations, and by keeping on the commission men like former Commissioner Glassie, who was disqualified by Congress in the matter of the sugar case because it was proved that his family had a direct and considerable financial interest in the sugar business; he has also deliberately struck at those members of the commission who took their oaths of office seriously and recommended reductions when the facts called for them. Thus, he "promoted" Commissioner Culbertson to the diplomatic service, and made Commissioner Lewis's position impossible by asking him to sign his resignation before he received his reappointment—a most serious misuse of the President's appointment power, as we pointed out at the time. Is it any wonder that Mr. Costigan declares that the sugar report was thrown overboard because of "an unprecedented series of lobbying drives and political maneuvers, in some of which the White House actively shared"?

Finally, we must point out that Mr. Costigan's letter is a tremendous indictment of the whole protective system. It corroborates *The Nation's* position that you cannot have this kind of "scientific" control and revision of the tariff. For the tariff is conceived in special privilege, born in politics and in corruption, and maintained for graft—graft for the protected, and graft for the party which keeps the government in business with the manufacturers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America Waking Up

THE oil scandal has become the scandal of big business and the Republican National Committee, and there is evidence that Babbitt is beginning to wince. When Senator Nye reached Chicago to examine those who had contributed to the fund for making up the 1920 Republican deficit the list of those subpoenaed read like a bond salesman's dream of State Street's finest prospects. No one of importance seemed to have been overlooked. And no one of importance seems to have refused. If they did not pay out their own money, they at least let their names be used to hide Harry F. Sinclair's fat contribution. Further research may reveal a similar state of affairs in New York.

"The conspiracy of Teapot Dome is the equal of any of the major crimes carried out by the unscrupulous and infamous freebooters in the Middle Ages," says Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas. "For spectacular rottenness I doubt whether we have the equal of Teapot Dome in American history, or ever will have." Whether we will have it in the future depends upon the reaction of the American people to this set of crimes. The fact that Senator Capper has at last broken the long silence of the more-or-less-regular Republicans is one evidence that they are awakening; the response to Senator Borah's Quixotic appeal to his party to repay the $260,000 gift of Harry Sinclair is another. But the chiefs of the party, the heads of the state, the men who dominate big business are still silent. They are ready today to cast out Will Hays, but they still adore "Andy" Mellon and Chairman Butler, who knew of the crime and kept still. Coolidge and Hoover and Hughes sat in the Cabinet with Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Hays, and Mellon, and have not yet found words to blame them.

The stain goes deep. It cannot be wiped out by returning money to Harry Sinclair. He got what he paid for—the consent of officials of the Harding Administration to his Teapot Dome steal; to give him money with which he can pay his lawyers will not help the cause of honesty one bit. It is not enough, however, to expose the fact that Sinclair bought and paid for the Republican Party and that a thousand leaders of business helped conceal the crime. As Cordell Hull puts it, "Every consideration of morals and patriotism requires that [these steps] be supplemented and climaxed and crowned with the resignation of each Republican in high official or political position who by affirmative act or a conspiracy of silence or inaction has contributed to the suppression of the awful facts of this unparalleled scandal for four long years." That means Secretary Mellon and Chairman William M. Butler. It may also mean Mr. Butler's closest friend, the President of the United States, who sat in the Cabinet with the whole gang of crooks and has not protested. It may involve the dead—Warren Harding's Marion *Star* is being investigated.

No one knows today whither the trail of the Sinclair bonds may lead. We do know this: that Harry Sinclair, with the aid of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, set up a fake company to make a profit of three million dollars in a day, and that a considerable part of that profit went to pay the deficit of the party whose officials handed over the naval oil reserves to Sinclair and Doheny; that the present Secretary of the Treasury and the present chairman of the Republican National Committee knew enough of the plot to refuse to accede to Will Hays's request that they give their names to cover it, but had not the loyalty to the American people to tell what they knew until a chance memorandum found among the papers of a dead man exposed their guilty knowledge.

Yet if public wrath concentrates upon a few men it will still have been in vain. The Republican Party, being as a rule successful, commands the support of more millionaires than the Democratic. But the really big men, like Samuel Insull of the power companies and James A. Patten, the Chicago "grain magnate," have frankly confessed that they contribute regularly to both parties. They regard it as a routine form of insurance. For all its talk of ethics, the business world has not yet come to see anything wrong in this. The appalling fact is that Teapot Dome is a peculiarly crass symbol of an everyday occurrence. Party contributors expect a return in tariff favors, in freedom from embarrassing investigations, in "good" legislation—and they get it. In this the Coolidge Administration, as Mr. Costigan's letter of resignation shows, has been as bad as its predecessor. The real value of the present exposure of corruption will come if and when the public realizes the extent to which, through the two old parties, big business controls the whole American governmental system—and acts upon its knowledge.

Light from Chapel Hill

A UNIVERSITY press would not be fulfilling its promise if it did not make possible the publication of special monographs for which there was no commercial call. But our academic literature as a whole is much less interesting even to specialists than it might be, and to the lay public it is dull. The universities need not popularize their knowledge, or even translate it. But they could have a plan, a purpose, behind their books—an imaginative, coordinated conception of certain fields to be expertly explored. The monographs are random and uninspired; they do not build up big enough structures of theory or fact.

Of the North Carolina Press at Chapel Hill this cannot be said. The university there—chiefly, we understand, under the direction of Howard W. Odum—has done a surprising amount of excellent and interesting research and report. Its publications are conceived as serial contributions to subjects in themselves of great general importance. And the subject of greatest importance is the education of North Carolina. That State has 230,000 native adult illiterates, 100,000 of whom are white. The university expects to reduce this number quickly through the circulation of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Morris's readers for grown-ups, which in Buncombe County have already brought 4,000 adults to the point of reading and writing.

But the literate population in North Carolina, as in any other State, needs educating too. Mr. Odum has planned a Social Study Series which will throw more light on the condition of the Negro than has been thrown, we imagine, from any other source to date. Three volumes already issued, "The Negro and His Songs," "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro," and "Negro Workaday Songs," have given exciting promise of work to be done in the analysis of the Negro imagination; and a recent monograph

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on "The North Carolina Chain Gang" ought to have been read, if it was not (and it probably was not), by a majority of the State legislature. Then there are to come a study of the Negro woman in the South, following Mr. Odum's method in "Rainbow Round My Shoulder"; a full-length portrait by Guy Johnson of John Henry, the incredible Hammer Man who, with that Black Ulysses, "Left Wing" Gordon, belongs now to all black America; a study, again by Guy Johnson, of musical ability in Negroes; several collections of songs and superstitions; and at least two studies of the present relations, violent or otherwise, between blacks and whites in the South. White North Carolina—its folk-lore, its education, its industries, its social history, its politics, its reading habits, its culture as influenced by cotton and tobacco, its welfare and poor relief, and its labor problems in mill villages—will be examined with equal care.

Nor does the press stop there. There is to be an Inter-American Historical Series consisting of fifteen volumes of West Indian and South American history translated from the Spanish and the Portuguese, and to this series will be added an atlas—the first in existence—of Hispanic-American history. There is also to be a library of Southern history and biography; and we mentioned in a previous issue the projected "Bilingual Series" which when under way will present the best works of European literature in text and translation. For the enterprise and enlightenment of Mr. Odum and his associates there can scarcely be too much praise. Other universities cannot do precisely the same sort of thing that is being done by the University of North Carolina; but if its example were taken to heart in sections of the country which are commonly called more up-and-coming than the Carolinas, this would be a more civilized republic.

Norris's Power Fight

BY its vote of March 13 the Senate went on record as in favor of the continuance of work at Muscle Shoals and the retention, for the time at least, of this great power development in the hands of the federal government. The measure passed is the Norris bill, with certain compromises accepted by its author, and is a tremendous victory for the grand old Senator from Nebraska. He has waged a long fight for the preservation of popular rights. Six years ago Senator Norris made up his mind that the disposition of the plant at Muscle Shoals, with its enormous power possibilities for the entire Southeastern section of the United States, was one of the most important questions before the country. Nobody else seemed to understand, or care much about, the issue. Senator Norris determined to find out about it and decide what ought to be done. He made himself the best-informed man on the subject in Congress, and the people of the country owe it to his courage and perseverance that Muscle Shoals has not long since been turned over lock, stock, and barrel to privately owned power interests. For a long time he fought undaunted but alone. This year, for the first time, Senator Norris has succeeded in getting a favorable vote on his measure. The bill will encounter stubborn opposition in the House of Representatives, but Senator Norris's four-hour testimony before the House committee made a deep impression on the hostile members of that recalcitrant body.

But whether the bill wins at this session or not, Senator Norris's victory in the Senate is a guaranty at least that Muscle Shoals will not be surrendered to the power companies just now, and every new delay is a gain to the campaign for public ownership. The development at Muscle Shoals was begun in Mr. Wilson's first administration as a war measure to insure the government an adequate supply of nitrate for munitions. After the armistice the project was viewed as something of a white elephant, and it barely missed passing quietly into private control for a song. Cheaper methods of making nitrate were coming to the fore, and an effort was made to lead people to think that except for a doubtful value in the manufacture of fertilizer for farmers Muscle Shoals was of little account. There was a tendency to obscure the great value of the water-power as a source of hydro-electric current for manufacturing and industrial purposes throughout the South.

But Senator Norris was not fooled. In 1922 he introduced a measure for federal control and operation of Muscle Shoals; it got no further than reference to the Committee on Agriculture. Two years later Senator Norris introduced a similar measure in the Sixty-eighth Congress. At this time Henry Ford's proposal to take over Muscle Shoals was before the public and was dazzling the imagination of farmers in the Central West. The House passed a bill giving Muscle Shoals to Ford; it was Senator Norris's careful analysis of the flivver-maker's offer that was chiefly responsible for puncturing it and keeping the Senate from joining in the stampede for the proposal. In the end Ford himself withdrew his offer and Senator Underwood drafted a bill turning the development over to private hands for fifty years. In 1926, under the sponsorship of Senator Harrison of Mississippi, bills went through both the Senate and the House incorporating the Underwood idea. It looked as if the public had lost the fight and as if the great power possibilities of the Tennessee River were to pass from the nation's hands. But Senator Norris did not abandon even a forlorn hope and at the eleventh hour was able to beat the proposed legislation by a point of order made against the conference report on the Senate and House bills just before the adjournment of Congress. It is interesting to note here what became of the report of the special commission that in 1925 was appointed to investigate and make recommendations in regard to Muscle Shoals. The commission was made up of men who were expected to come out for private operation, but, embarrassingly, they flopped to the other side. Thereupon the report was promptly suppressed, and, except for a scant paragraph or so in the newspapers at the time, nothing has been heard of it since.

Last year Senator Norris's plan for Muscle Shoals got so far as to be reported favorably to the Senate by the Committee on Agriculture. The fact that this year the plan, with some concessions, has finally gone through the Senate by a vote of 48 to 25 is a tribute to the determined stand of Senator Norris and should give new faith and courage to every independent in Congress. The demand for public control of the great plant upon which more than $150,000,000 of government money has already been spent is gaining ground. It should never be possible now to betray this great possession into the hands of privately owned power interests, but there is still a hard fight to be won before Muscle Shoals is definitely dedicated to the public's welfare under government control.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Seems to Heywood Broun

PERHAPS my old bones betray me, but yesterday I felt the spring. I have no policy on spring or even any message. Those who say "I love spring" annoy me as much as the other ready generalizers who "adore children" or "just dote on dogs." One should exercise more discrimination. To like all dogs is to have no true appreciation of any singularly gifted pet and I will never admit that children in carload lots are in the least attractive. So it should be with spring. Let every season be judged by its performances and not its reputation. The day celebrated by some poet may have been dark and gloomy in our alley. For myself I have staked off March 13, 1928, on the island of Manhattan.

It seemed a day so bright and brave that I had the desire for exclusive possession. But soon I saw that this would be impossible. The girl and the young man in the taxi just ahead were kissing. The kindest explanation seemed to be that they, also, were conscious of the weather. Although no late statistics are available I doubt if many really important kisses are exchanged while the rain falls. To anybody who taxis much in town the sight of couples locked in fast embrace can hardly be hailed as novel, but this time there was a distinctive quality in the manner of the culprits. Or rather I detected something different in the girl. I paid no particular attention to the young man. He was none other than one of the charter members of the Arrow Collar group. She, however, was well worth noting. As far as I could tell from the back of her head she was kissing blithely. That seldom happens. New Yorkers kiss as they dance, grimly, earnestly perhaps, but without apparent pleasure. Most of us seem to feel that we can avoid all sense of shame by setting up the pretense that the thing we do is not particularly good fun.

There was gaiety in the blond bob which crinkled in the sunlight. Very few people can be ardent and merry all at once. There is one young woman who seems able to do this on the stage but the girl of the taxicab was not Miss Ina Claire. Moreover, the fine fashion which she has set in Mr. Maugham's rowdy play "Our Betters" seems to have had almost no effect upon the life of the community. Rare indeed is the heroine who can say to the suitor who assails her with some somber word of endearment, "When you call me that, smile!"

And after all the ability to make love frivolously is the chief characteristic which distinguishes human beings from the beasts. Nature has made the animals fierce and single-minded about such things. To the alien eye even a well-loved dog or cat seems rather unattractive when given over to courtship. Possibly Nature decreed that we should take sex very seriously or not at all. That makes it somewhat more fun to dissent and to digress. To me the familiar adage "You can't cheat nature" has invariably been provocative of rebellion. Perhaps you can't but anyhow it is always possible to try.

This, I am well aware, is heretical. At least it was not the mood of pedestrians and motorists who passed by. However, there was something of envy as well as derision and disapproval in the glance of all who peered within the taxicab. The girl and the young man seemed indifferent to the commotion which they created. Or perhaps they simply failed to notice how impellingly they were thrust into the public gaze by the giddy overhead lighting of a noonday sun. Some taxicabs in our town have very tiny windows in the back and the occupants are practically shut off from the gaze of all except the driver, who generally looks straight ahead. These cars are all too few. The couple had not been fortunate enough to secure one of these models. However, they continued to kiss.

I wanted to know more. I wanted to see the front of the back of that head. When the taxicab swept by I turned and they saw me turning. The young man blushed, straightened up, removed his arm, and scowled. I didn't care for him, but she grinned. It was the right sort of face. She had been well cast. The gaiety, inherent in the swing of her head, did go all the way round.

It was a pleasant grin and the mockery of it contained practically no malice. "What's it to you?" was the nature of her look. Possibly there was also a little of "Why are you wasting such an excellent afternoon?" in her challenge.

I regret to admit that I was wholly alone in my taxicab, which, I hope I may add without offense, was by no means a singular coincidence. Aunt Caroline had invited me to lunch. The invitation was of a week's standing. Of course, it would have been entirely reasonable for me to have accepted with the distinct proviso, "This doesn't go if there is some sudden accession of spring." Maybe Aunt Caroline does not care for such limitations upon her invitations.

So I did go to Aunt Caroline's and we discussed immoral plays and more particularly "Maya." She felt that the authorities had no right to stop it until she had a chance to go. Throughout the debate I continued to think of the girl in the taxicab. There was never more than one glance. I respected the young man's indignation and embarrassment sufficiently to turn my eyes away almost immediately. He was under scrutiny scarcely ten seconds. And yet I am entirely certain he is not the young man for her. He doesn't deserve her.

John (I think that would be his name) likes fun as well as the next one. On any bright afternoon he can be depended upon to crook his arm and bend his head but within his heart he carries an invisible censor. There remains with him the buried conviction that it is wrong to kiss a girl in a taxicab.

One touch of public opinion will split all his purposes in two. Mind you I had not shouted "Cut that out!" or manifested any articulate disapproval. I had done no more than look at him. Possibly he misinterpreted my glance and I became at that moment church and state and Canon Chase. For him the afternoon was spoiled. That was his fault. Truly I did not disapprove. And if I had why should he have allowed it to divert him from his occupation?

What worries me much more is the fear that I may have spoiled the afternoon for her. She seemed to be having such a nice time until John turned sulky and proper. But she will live to thank me. If I had not turned just then she could hardly have discovered so soon that John is not her kind. He cannot now or ever kiss and grin.

HEYWOOD BROUN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Sandino in Nicaragua

VI

Sandino—Bandit or Patriot?

By CARLETON BEALS

Managua, February 29

ALL those joining the Sandino forces are obliged to sign a pledge, or *pauta*, which was drawn up by General Sandino himself in El Chipote in September, 1927, and which, among other things, embodies the following conditions:

> Those who join the Army for the Defense of the Sovereignty of Nicaragua agree to:
>
> 1. Defend the sovereignty of Nicaragua and obey its military code.
> 2. Refuse to obey every order of Adolfo Diaz and the foreigner and always act in the highest and noblest spirit.
> 3. Defend not only Liberals, but all Nicaraguans, since all are betrayed by the present Government.
> 4. Submit themselves unquestioningly to all the orders of the Supreme Chief of the Army.
> 5. Respect all the rights of the civilian.
> 7. Make no secret pacts with the enemy.
> 9. Maintain proper discipline.
> 10. Expect no salary, only necessary equipment such as clothes, ammunition, and food.
> 14. The Supreme Chief of the Army in turn promises to make no political compromises with anybody or with any political group.

After reading me the pledge Sandino said: "We are working, as you see, for all of Nicaragua, Conservatives and Liberals alike. Colonel X, here, for instance, is a Conservative, convinced of the righteousness of our cause. Our one aim is to throw out the foreign invader."

"But since you are not strong enough to do so, does not opposition merely result in the sending of more and more marines, the intensification of intervention?"

"We are not protesting against the size of the invasion, but against invasion. The United States has meddled in Nicaragua for many years. We cannot merely depend upon her promise that she will some day get out. Every day intervention is more pronounced. The United States promised to give the Philippines their independence, but American troops still remain in the Philippines; they are still a subject people.

"You tell me that the governments of Honduras and El Salvador are hostile to me. Tomorrow they will regret such an attitude. All of Central America is morally obliged to help us in this struggle. Tomorrow each may have the same struggle. Central America should stand together against the invader instead of with the governments that ally themselves with the foreigner."

"Is it true, as has been charged, that most of your army is made up of adventurers from other Central-American countries and from Mexico?"

"Quite the contrary. It is true, I have with me men and officers from Costa Rica, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, even one or two from Mexico, who have been attracted by the righteousness of my cause, but they are in a decided minority. The backbone of my army is Nicaraguan, and the officers who have been with me longest are Nicaraguans. I have received many offers from outside troops, but in most cases I have turned them down.

"Our army," Sandino told me, "is tried and true. It is composed of workers and peasants who love their country. The intellectuals have betrayed us, and so we have had to take up arms. What we have done has been through our own unaided efforts."

"How about the story," I put in, "that two captured American marines taught you how to make bombs?"

"A lie of the marine officers to hide their discomfiture at our successes. It is comforting to the American ego to think that we were taught what we know by the marines. . . . Call in our bomb-maker," he ordered an aide.

An elderly, sparse, smiling man appeared, who explained to me that the bombs were made by wrapping dynamite tightly in rawhide along with stones, nails, pieces of steel, glass, etc. A heavy bomb, wrapped in the skin of some animal, was placed in my hand. It was tied with rawhide thongs and looked more like a child's Teddy-bear than a bomb. But I was told that it could wipe out the better part of a company if advantageously thrown. The bomb-maker also explained the technique of the dynamite rockets used to bring down airplanes.

Sandino gave me a list of battles fought in the environs of El Chipote during the past six months. His conclusions are as exaggerated as those of the marines, perhaps more so:

1.	El Chipote	20 American dead
2.	Ocotal	80 American dead
3.	San Fernando	Sandinista defeat
4.	Santa Clara	Sandinista defeat
5.	Murra	18 American dead; one American suicide; two wounded. A Thompson machine-gun and eleven rifles captured
6.	Telpaneca	Much arms and ammunition taken
7.	Las Cruces (five battles)	250 to 300 American dead. In one battle an American flag captured. "The bearer refused to release his grasp. My men had to cut off his hand with a machete. He was a brave man and deserves praise."
8.	San Pedro de Susucayan	15 American dead. Four automatic rifles seized
9.	Zapotillal	Airplane brought down
10.	La Conchita	60 to 80 American dead
11.	San Pedro de Hule	Uncommented
12.	Plan Grande	Uncommented
13.	Buena Vista	Sandinista defeat
14.	Las Delicias	American defeat

Copyright, 1928, by The Nation, Inc. All North, South and Central American rights reserved. No quotation permitted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

15. Amucayan . . . . Uncommented
16. Barellal . . . . . Uncommented
17. Santa Rosa . . . . 36 American dead
18. El Mantiado . . . Uncommented

I asked Sandino his reasons for leaving El Chipote.

"We left El Chipote without firing a shot, without losing a single soldier, or a single gun or cartridge. The marines bombarded the place a whole day after we left. We left because the marines were devastating the countryside and destroying the homes of our friends. They were destroying our food supply, not by attackinkg us but by terrorizing the *campesinos* who had previously brought us provisions. And it takes a lot of provisions to feed a thousand men, stationed in one place, day in and day out for months on end. We determined to carry the war into the enemy's territory. It was a hollow victory the marines gained at El Chipote. I called upon the most resolute and tried of my soldiers to stake all on a march into the populated interior of Nicaragua, as a signal to the civilized world to take note of the savagery being practiced against a free and independent nation. I said we should risk all, and our slogan should be: 'Victory or Death.'

"The gain, thus far, has been all on our side. After spending months in attempting to take Chipote, after concentrating men, ammunition, and supplies in Ocotal, Nueva Segovia, preparatory to a general attack, the marines learn that I am here in Jinotega, half-way across Nicaragua. Now let them bring marines and more marines into Jinotega; supplies and more supplies. When they have their base well established and are ready to come after me, I'll cut it off by taking Matagalpa or Trinidad, or I will move back up to Nueva Segovia, or down to Muymuy, or to Leon, or somewhere else."

"What," I asked Sandino, "do you consider the motives of the American Government?"

"The American Government," he said with a lurking smile, "desires to protect American lives and property. But I can say that I have never touched a pin belonging to an American. I have had respect for the property of everybody. And no American who has come to Nicaragua without arms in his hands has been injured by us."

"Then protecting American lives and property, you imply, must be a pretext?"

"The truth of the matter is that the American Government has made so many arrangements of not too savory a character with the regime now in power that it is afraid of any other government. But if I had been in the shoes of the American Government and had forced the present Nicaraguan regime to give away the rights of my brother Nicaraguans, and then had seen justice coming down the straightway, I would have known that the moment to accede gracefully had come. I would have retraced my steps, rather than drown a nation in blood."

"What kind of agreements do you refer to?"

One of Sandino's officers spoke up: "There is a concession to a certain New York banking-house to construct a railway to the north coast. This concession had a clause which killed the traffic on the San Juan River. Greytown is now a deserted hole from which a ruined population has fled like rats from a drowning ship. Those who could burned down their homes to get the insurance. This concession and the previous management of the railroad also ruined many coffee-growers of central Nicaragua who have all these years been forced to ship to the Pacific, thence by the roundabout route of Panama in order that this same banking concern could profit by the shipments over the railway already in existence. The transportation costs became prohibitive, and so this same house and its friends, and the bank which it also controlled, busily bought out the ruined coffee-growers. Too, coffee from the fincas of this financial clique was given preference over the railway; that of independent growers had to pay graft or rot in the rain. Independent growers, ruined, were obliged to sell out their holdings at great loss. The regime of this banking-house and of those which succeeded it beggared the entire country, placed a chain of debt about our neck which for years prevented every sort of internal improvement. This successive economic spoliation of our country cannot possibly benefit the broader commercial interests of the United States itself. The presence of American marines in Nicaragua in support of such iniquitous practices is a betrayal of the people of the United States."

"And the canal?"

Sandino replied: "Already we have been robbed of our rights in the canal. Presumably we were paid $3,000,000. As a matter of fact, Nicaragua, or rather the bandits in control of our government at that time, thanks to Washington, received but paltry thousands, not enough for each Nicaraguan citizen to buy a soda-cracker and a sardine; for such a bargain, signed by four traitors, we lost our sovereign rights in the canal. The deliberations regarding this sale were made by a fake congress behind closed doors guarded by Conservative Party troops backed up by Yankee bayonets. My own father was arrested for protesting the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty and the granting of improper military and naval rights to the United States. It would have been far better had each Nicaraguan received a cracker and a sardine. A few starving stomachs would have known at least one nibble of luxury. Personally, I should hope to see the Nicaraguan canal built by a private stock company, part of the shares to be held by the Nicaraguan government in return for rights granted, in order that we might have a future income not provided by bankers at ruinous rates, with which to build roads, railways, schools, and improve the economic condition of the country. As it is, the eighteen years of American meddling in Nicaragua have plunged the country deeper into economic misery.

"Let me repeat," declared the General, "we are no more bandits than was Washington. If the American public had not become calloused to justice and to the elemental rights of mankind, it would not so easily forget its own past when a handful of ragged soldiers marched through the snow leaving blood-tracks behind them to win liberty and independence. If their consciences had not become dulled by their scramble for wealth, Americans would not so easily forget the lesson that, sooner or later, every nation, however weak, achieves freedom, and that every abuse of power hastens the destruction of the one who wields it."

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The seventh instalment, The McCoy Election Law, will appear next week, and two others will follow.*

Copyright, 1928, by The Nation, Inc. All North, South and Central American rights reserved. No quotation permitted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presidential Possibilities

VI

James A. Reed

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The sixth in a series of studies of the candidates

JAMES A. REED is the *enfant terrible* of the Senate. Also he is its roughest and hardest hitter. No other public man has such a mastery of bitter sarcasm, or is a better hater. He carries his argument *ad hominem* in that he attacks directly and, if need be viciously, the man or men he sets out to attack. No pussyfooting here! Has he not indicted Calvin Coolidge himself of "misfeasance in office" and this before a great California audience which was at first awe-struck that any one should dare to criticize his tin majesty in the White House, only to surge around the attacker when he finished, carried away by his fine presence, his glorious speaking voice, his manifest sincerity, his obvious desire to tell the truth without regard to persons or authority or power? At this writing he is rendering a profound public service by stumping the country reciting the facts about the rottenness and corruption of the Republican Party and the lawlessness of its leaders.

But let no one believe that he has the courage to attack only his political opponents. There is no more thrilling story in our recent history than Senator Reed's defiance of his own party and its President, Woodrow Wilson, when that gentleman was asserting despotic rights over the consciences and the bodies of Americans and trying by the power of all his great office to compel a uniform subserviency of opinion to his views of what should be the policy and the aims of this country. "Jim" Reed, as the Senate calls him, fought a losing fight against the maneuvers which eventually led the United States into the war. Although he did not vote against the declaration of war, his opposition to Woodrow Wilson's policies won him the enmity of the President. He went back to his State to find himself an object of bitter insult and contumely, to learn that he was being burned in effigy. When he came up for reelection five years later, Woodrow Wilson bitterly denounced him and demanded his defeat in language that plainly revealed both Mr. Wilson's intolerance and the depth to which he had been hurt by Mr. Reed's opposition. Three times during this campaign Mr. Wilson wrote letters demanding that the Senator be defeated. In one he said that Mr. Reed had "shown himself as incapable of sustained allegiance to any person or any cause. He has repeatedly forfeited any claim to my confidence that he may ever have been supposed to have, and I shall not willingly consent to any further association with him." He called upon the voters to defeat the "marplot" Reed, and to "substitute a man of the true breed of Democratic principle." Finally, two weeks before the election he wrote that if Reed were returned to the Senate "he will, of course, be there a man without a party." Mr. Wilson went further; he accused Senator Reed of lying in saying that Mr. Wilson had given him a letter certifying to the correctness of his conduct in the fight over the establishment of the Federal Reserve System. It was one of the many times that Mr. Wilson's love of truth, or his memory, failed him. Senator Reed immediately produced a facsimile of a letter in which Mr. Wilson had written on October 23, 1913: "I have felt all along the sincere honesty and independence of judgment you were exercising in this whole matter, and you may be sure that there has never been in my mind any criticism except an occasional difference of judgment."

Never did a man have a harder fight to retain his seat in the Senate than did Mr. Reed then. Incited by Mr. Wilson, leaders of his own party openly warred upon him, and so did the national and State organizations—they had prevented his participation in the national convention of his party in 1920. Everywhere Democrats fought under the slogan "Rid us of Reed." An elaborate mock funeral was held in St. Louis attended by many "mourners." The Democratic women of Missouri organized to defeat him. The entire press of the State spewed hate and malignity upon him, and refused to admit that he had a chance of success. Yet in the face of these tremendous odds, at times even in danger of personal violence, he battled on to find himself returned to Washington by a majority of 43,000, 18,000 more votes than he had received when he ran for the Senate seven years earlier. That was a magnificent triumph, as it was fresh proof of the ability of the electorate to think and judge for itself even in the face of every sort of misrepresentation and abuse of a candidate. Mr. Reed even carried the city of St. Louis, which for decades had been safely Republican; this was the answer of its voters to the mock funeral. Only a man of extraordinary ability, tenacity, honesty, and courage could have entered upon such a titanic struggle and won. It is evidence of the magnanimity of the man that he refrained in the hour of victory from sending a telegram to Woodrow Wilson informing him of the reaction of the voters of Missouri to Mr. Wilson's advice as to how they should cast their votes, as is the fact that he sprang to the rescue of Woodrow Wilson when, during the war, it was urged that a committee of Congress supervise and control the President's acts.

Surely Mr. Reed himself has admirably characterized his own experience during the war, and the heroism that it called for, in his tribute to Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois, with whom he fought against the League of Nations. It was at a memorial service for Senator McCormick that Mr. Reed spoke these words:

> But is there not a valor rarer than that which nerves

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> the soldier's arm and turns his heart to steel and makes him with unwavering eye look in the face of death? Is not the moral courage to endure dishonor for the tongueless, voiceless, impalpable thing we call principle, supreme, incomparable, and rarest valor? To all the living Death must sometime come. Even at our birth his shaft is poised, and though the fight be long, it soon or late infallibly will strike the mark. The hero well may find contentment in the thought that he advances but by a little while the inevitable stroke. And so, with honor's voice for his mead in life and requiem in death, he dares to meet his fate. To stand before your people and endure while the name "traitor" may be hissed into your ear, to stand and know that friends are leaving you, that doubt of your fidelity and manhood has been raised, and yet to stand—that is the sublimest attribute of which the human soul is capable.

Now this same James A. Reed is actually seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he who in 1917 had as little prospect of announcing himself as a Presidential candidate as had Ramsay MacDonald at the same time of becoming Premier of Great Britain—he, too, had actively opposed his country's going to war. Here in the lists Mr. Reed stands—a cigar-chewing, tobacco-spitting Middle Westerner, American to his finger-tips. Tall, lithe, and straight as an Indian, his head is crowned by white hair over a ruddy countenance. His gray-blue eyes contain a direct and searching challenge. He is a modern Lincoln in the effectiveness of his stories, and in his extraordinary ability to turn instantly from grave to gay, from the measured polished diction of the statesman to the homely language of the plain American. Like Lincoln he is not without coarseness in private conversation, in which his references to comrades or enemies are wittily unbridled. Yet as William Hard has written, Mr. Reed may suddenly drop the colloquial when he is speaking in order to rise "to heights of sublimity which it is difficult to believe have ever been surpassed in parliamentary history." Mr. Hard adds that like Webster it is impossible for Mr. Reed "to be as great as he looks and sounds."

It is undeniable that this man, who asks that he be made the national leader of his party, is out of joint with the times. He sighs for a return of the government of Franklin Pierce which went its way unaware of the existence of the citizen, except so far as it called upon him to go to war or to pay taxes. That is, he would revert to the days of unlimited individualism; to the time when there was no legal interference with the working hours of women and children; when there was no woman suffrage; when a man could raise a thirst East and West of the Missouri and slake it publicly. He would even abolish the Civil Service Commission and again turn the offices over to party henchmen. As for government control of industry, the very thought is anathema to him. From that point of view he would be a profoundly acceptable candidate for Wall Street. But not in other ways. He has fought against monopoly; he has magnificently assailed the protective tariff, and particularly the flexible tariff humbug, the failure of which, under the control of President Coolidge, has justified every word he uttered in opposition to the plan.

He does not hesitate to criticize some of Wall Street's most cherished plans and policies. He helped to defeat the nomination of Charles B. Warren for Attorney General on account of his connection with the sugar companies. He has repeatedly charged, with complete truth, that the financial interests rule and control Mr. Coolidge and his Administration, and he has shocked the financiers by his utter lack of respect and reverence for Secretary Mellon. Indeed, he laughs at Mellon and mocks him. For Herbert Hoover Senator Reed has a bitter antipathy; he always speaks of him as "Sir Herbert Hoover" or "that great British statesman, Hoover." He refuses even to bend the knee before Charles G. Dawes. He vigorously fought the Vice-President's plans to limit debating in the Senate, and he has repeatedly refused to listen to the warnings of Mr. Dawes that he must look toward the Vice-President when he talks on the floor—it will take more than a Vice-President to make Mr. Reed conform to anything against which he has taken a position. Only on the question of prohibition has he suddenly appeared to compromise. An avowed and defiant Wet, now that he is a candidate he has discovered that prohibition is a moral not a political question.

His opposition to every entangling foreign alliance is well known—he even opposed the Four-Power Treaty in the Pacific, which was one of the fruits of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. Against the World Court he worked himself up into a perfect fury. He has condemned every one of the foreign-debt settlements. The only thing that would make him accept the French and British settlement would be if England and France should consent to sell us the West Indian islands which belong to them. The Italian debt settlement gave him the opportunity to contrast the interest which Italy is to pay to the United States government with the 9 per cent interest which he claims it is paying to private Wall Street bankers for loans made by them (they deny this). As for the League of Nations, the mere mention of it sets every drop of his blood to tingling with anger. He still stands where he stood on September 22, 1919, when he said:

> I decline to help set up any government greater than that established by the fathers, greater than that baptized in the blood of patriots from the lanes of Lexington to the forests of the Argonne, greater than that sanctified by the tears of all the mothers whose heroic sons have gone down to death to sustain its glory and its independence. I decline to set up any government greater than the government of the United States of America!

This passionate rage against any relationship with other nations was partly responsible for his putting through the resolution for the recall of our troops from garrison duty on German soil, which led to the return of our army much earlier than was satisfactory to the Allies.

It is undoubtedly due to this prejudice against foreigners that Senator Reed still believes in arming this country for defense. Unlike Calvin Coolidge in his saner moments, Mr. Reed still believes, despite the lessons of the World War, that armies and navies protect nations from attack and insure victory when attacked. So fearful is he of any association with the rest of the world that he wishes America literally to lie on its arms by night and by day, and to squander more millions than the cost of a Panama Canal every year, because of his dread of a possible attack. This is the more interesting because of his demand for freer immigration, at least so far as skilled laborers are concerned, and because of his farsighted opposition to the protective tariff. If that should be reduced it would, of course, mean ever closer trade relations with the rest of the world.

As to other domestic issues, Senator Reed has made one of his bravest fights against the Ku Klux Klan. He was a leader in the defeat of the ship-subsidy proposal, and some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his best work of late has been in connection with his chairmanship of the Senate committee to investigate campaign expenditures. Thanks to his vigorous leadership in this matter we have had a pretty complete picture of the huge expenditures in the last Senatorial elections in Illinois and Pennsylvania which resulted in the denial of their seats to Messrs. Smith and Vare. But this was not something new for Senator Reed; he played an equally striking part in the refusal to seat Senator Newberry. He is sincerely and deeply shocked by any evidence of corruption in public office, and so he was among the first to speak out about the Harding Administration, and he did not qualify his language when a mistaken jury in the District of Columbia acquitted Messrs. Fall and Doheny in the first of the criminal cases growing out of the theft of the naval-oil reserve cases. He would be just as ready to speak out against Democratic corruption; thus he was quick to denounce William G. McAdoo for what Mr. Reed considered a violation of law when Mr. McAdoo acted as counsel for the Republic Steel and Iron Company in pressing a claim for a tax refund from the government within two years after Mr. McAdoo left the Cabinet of the United States.

Like Borah, this Democratic survivor from the days of Grover Cleveland lives and breathes by the Constitution. He will fight for it by the hour, the day, the month, the year, protesting that it is not his fault that he fights, but entirely the guilt of those who insist on trying to lay hands upon our sacred fundamental law. Curiously enough, this great fighter insists that he is no fighter at all. With a straight face—it is a bit forbidding and rigid in repose—he insists that he really hates to fight. The truth is that there never was a fighter who could go down to defeat more often and yet bob up the next day ready for another dozen rounds and still more punishment. Certainly never was there a fighter favored by Providence with a better temperamental or oratorical equipment to be a surpassing public prosecutor, a flagellator of faithless public servants, than this American who, typically, lived by hard work in the fields until he was twenty-one years old, and then achieved the legal education which made him prosecuting attorney in Kansas City, and twice mayor of that progressive trading-post on the Missouri. His ability as prosecuting attorney is shown by the fact that he obtained 375 convictions out of 400 prosecutions—a phenomenal record.

Inevitably Mr. Reed's resemblance to Andrew Jackson suggests itself. It is easy to visualize him as he would have looked in Jackson's time—the latter also a bold, handsome, swashbuckling, hard-drinking, roistering, dueling leader of men, of much the same political viewpoint.

It barely seems within the range of possibility that James A. Reed will be nominated and elected. But if he should sleep in the same bed that Woodrow Wilson occupied in the White House, as the legitimate Democratic successor to that high-strung President, it would be one of the most ironic and colossal jokes of history, worthy of the pens of the greatest of the classic dramatists. Certainly nothing else could as quickly make Woodrow Wilson turn in his grave. Of one thing we could be certain. However reactionary his administration might be, and however slow to strike hands with other nations for a solution of the problems of the harassed world, if Jim Reed should become President we should again have in the White House a genuine personality, a leader of force, vigor, and effectiveness; a man who would speak out in the presence of wrongdoing, in the place of one who never knows his own mind until compelled to take a position, whose tongue fails him when it is a question of denouncing the high crimes of his Republican friends, associates, and benefactors.

Progressive Education

By MARGARET NAUMBURG

ANYTHING less than "progressive education" is now quite out of date in America. No one wishes any longer to be called conservative. Every shade, therefore, of radical, progressive, and mildly conservative educator, from public as well as private schools, was to be found at the Eighth Conference on Progressive Education in New York, during the week of March 5.

The conference was noteworthy for the wide scope of its program; and especially for the innovation of allowing less than half the time of the convention to speechmaking. Applying the principles of progressive education to the adults who attended the conference, the parents and educators were given a chance "to learn by doing." With this object in view, round-table conferences and practical demonstrations were staged by workers in the field, to cover all aspects of the new type of education. An exhibition of the art and craft work of various modern schools was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and an open week for conference visitors was instituted at fifty of the various shades of progressive schools within the New York area. These exhibits, school visits, and conferences were regarded by many as the most important part of the congress.

The opening address by Professor John Dewey, as honorary president of the association, discussed Progressive Education and the Science of Education. The speech was important as a focal point on the present status of the new schools and the new methods in education. He raised many questions about progressive education: "What is the meaning of experiment in education, of an experimental school? What can such schools as are represented here do for other schools in which the great majority of school-children receive instruction and discipline? What can be rightfully expected from the work of these progressive schools in the way of a contribution to intelligent and stable educational practice; especially what can be expected in the way of a contribution to educational theory?"

The new schools, he said, had already more than justified themselves as to results when their pupils went to college or out into life. But the moment had come to "raise the intellectual, the theoretical problem of the relation of the progressive movement to the art and philosophy of education."

Very significant was Professor Dewey's direct attack on the modern obsession with the so-called science of meas-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

urement, and the abuse of I. Q.'s and achievement tests in recent school procedure. For, said Dewey:

> It is natural and proper that the theory of the practices found in traditional schools should set great store by tests and measurements. But what has all this to do with schools where individuality is a primary object of consideration, and wherein the so-called "class" becomes a grouping made for social purposes and wherein diversity of ability and experience rather than uniformity is prized? *Quality* of activity and of consequence is more important for the teacher than any quantitative element. . . . The place of measurement of achievements as a theory of education is very different in a static educational system from what it is in one which is dynamic, or in which the ongoing process of growing is the important thing.
>
> If you want schools to perpetuate the present order, with at most an elimination of waste and with such additions as enable it to do better than it is already doing, then one type of intellectual method or "science" is indicated. But if one conceives that a social order different in quality and direction from the present is desirable and that schools should strive to educate with social change in view by producing individuals not complacent about what already exists, and equipped with desires and abilities to assist in transforming it, quite a different method and content is indicated for educational science.

Aspects of this "social change" which Professor Dewey associates with the progressive schools were of special importance in the meeting on The Foreign Movement in the new education. The talk of Dr. Elisabeth Rotten, the German representative of the New Education Fellowship, radiated the spiritual transformation that had occurred in German education since the war. She linked the break-up of the ancient Prussian regime of education with the growing power of the common people and with the birth of the Youth Movement in Germany. The first enthusiastic efforts of the new education to legislate freedom into the German schools had been a mistake. "But now," said Dr. Rotten, "we think it better policy that our new regulations do not introduce, but give weight to more freedom, leaving the responsibility entirely to the teacher."

When Dr. Rotten stated that educators in Germany "had soon found that the new education was more a matter of spirit than of new methods of regulation," it seemed as though the progressive-education movement in America had still much to learn from its foreign friends. Here we are satisfied with our practical achievements and still unaware of our want of spiritual profundity.

As Dr. Lucy L. W. Wilson, principal of the South Philadelphia High School for Girls, spoke on the transformation taking place in the state schools of Russia, one became freshly aware of the significance of a social change that effects both a spiritual and physical transformation of values in the new education. But the contribution of Professor William Heard Kilpatrick of Teachers College was not of that caliber. He was slated to speak on Promising Educational Experiments in the Far East. But all that he described were a couple of missionary schools in India and Ceylon, where the torch of his own pet "project method" had been made to burn. No word of the social and spiritual changes now taking place in the East. Nothing about educational developments from the viewpoint of the Asiatic himself.

When Dr. Kilpatrick announced that the educational problem of the Orient "was to prepare youth to think and modify the old customs and adjust to changing conditions, and to adapt youth to creating more wealth," he did not seem to be on the way to contributing to that plank in the new German constitution whereby "education ought to be inspired by a spirit of reconciliation between the peoples." He seemed rather the epitome of the practical American so brilliantly analyzed by M. André Siegfried, who believes in converting the world to the ideals of our economic, political, and social system.

The dinner which closed the conference concerned itself with Newer Aspects of College Education in America. For European and Asiatic higher schools of learning seem, as with us, to be the last aspect of education that is influenced by the progressive movement, now taking place within the lower schools. The speakers included Dr. Robert Devore Leigh of Bennington College, Miss Marion Coats of Sarah Lawrence College, Dr. Henry N. MacCracken of Vassar, Mr. Arthur E. Morgan of Antioch, and Professor Edwin Osgood Grover of Rollins College. Among the many problems under discussion in the course of the evening the following seem of special interest: possible methods of modifying the lecture system, so as to allow more individual freedom to the students, and yet make group meetings more significant by the active cooperation of students and teachers in smaller conference units; the question of creating new kinds of colleges to suit two types of student —those eager to study along specialized lines, and those gifted individuals whom the present college requirements in no way consider; new methods of relating theoretical courses of study to experience in the practical world; and last but not least, Dr. MacCracken's suggestion that there be organized a Progressive School for Trustees in the near future. The ferment of progressive education has undoubtedly begun to work, slowly but perceptibly, in the American college.

The Editor

By W. L. G.

Knight-errant of the shadows men call news,
Of whisperings and murmurs that run deep
'Neath capitol and courthouse while we sleep,
Interpreter and dramatist of clues,
At your pen's point ideas take vivid form
That stir with social purpose and intent
The thinkers of a mighty continent,
As whirling winds invoke the full-voiced storm;
Not in cold reason's virtue rests your power,
E'en all your deep experience and skill
Must wait emotion's vitalizing hour
If you would make your page with passion thrill;
Behind each word of truth a light is lit
That genius fuses into holy writ.

March 13, 1928

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet Gold and French Intrigue

By PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

TWENTY casks of gold, worth $5,000,000, arrived in New York City on February 21, on board the steamship Hamburg. It was consigned to the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company. Under ordinary circumstances, when gold arrives in New York from abroad, it is sent immediately to the Assay Office in Wall Street. But this was not ordinary gold—it was "Soviet" gold, and as such it has had most unusual adventures since its arrival.

According to a ruling of the Treasury Department made in 1920 in order to prevent purchases by the Soviet Government in the United States, even if paid for in gold, no gold of Soviet origin could be accepted by the Assay Office. Since gold gains access to Federal Reserve Banks and becomes part of the legal reserve of the institutions which own it only through the Assay Office, this gold had to be taken to the vaults of the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company, where it still lies like so much worthless metal. Its owners are losing about $700 per day interest which it could earn if it had been accepted by the United States Treasury.

During 1927 Russian trade with the United States amounted to $100,000,000, of which $75,000,000 was for Russian purchases in the United States and $25,000,000 for Russian sales here. The State Bank of the USSR, which is the principal financial institution of the Soviet Union, handles the great bulk of the financial transactions in connection with this trade. Its principal American correspondents are the Chase National Bank, which is the second largest bank in the United States, and the Equitable Trust Company, another very large bank. The shipment of gold from the USSR was made after careful consideration by leading officials of these banks and other financial authorities who believed that such shipments would facilitate business relations between the United States and the USSR.

After the Assay Office declined to accept the gold, the two New York banks made representations to Washington asking that the antiquated ruling of the Treasury Department be changed. On February 24, three days after the arrival of the gold in New York, the State Department announced that it would not object if the Treasury Department lifted the prohibition against the assaying of Soviet gold. On the same day, it was made known at the White House that President Coolidge understood that the gold was shipped to this country for the payment of goods, and that since there had been considerable trading between the two countries some such arrangement was necessary. The Treasury Department also indicated that it was seeking a method by which it could accept the gold. It submitted the matter for final decision to the Attorney General's office. The legal question involved was the title of the gold. It was reported that Under Secretary of the Treasury Mills had declared the risk in regard to the title to be considerably less than in 1920.

Because of the apparently friendly attitude of President Coolidge, the State Department, and the Treasury Department and because powerful banking interests were anxious to have the gold admitted, it was believed that the barriers against it would be finally removed.

This would have fitted in with the State Department policy of encouraging "trade without recognition." While the State Department has opposed the public flotation of any loans for the Soviet Union, it has repeatedly announced that it would impose no restrictions on business with Soviet Russia and has definitely approved the increase of Russian deposits and business in this country.

But the Treasury on March 6 ruled against the reception of the Russian gold. The ruling was based on the technicality that "the provisions of law under which the Treasury acts in purchasing gold or bullion through the United States Mints and Assay Offices are that any owner of gold bullion may deposit the same at any mint," and that inasmuch as the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company were not presenting the gold as its owners, but merely as the agents for the Russian State Bank, it could not be accepted.

Earlier on the same day that this adverse Treasury ruling on the gold was made Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador in Washington, handed a note to Secretary of State Kellogg in which he inquired whether the American Government still maintained a prohibition on acceptance at the Assay Office of imports of gold from Russia. The note stated that the Bank of France had on deposit in the Imperial Bank of Russia, prior to the revolution, gold to the amount of 52,000,000 francs which it had never recovered, that it therefore had special rights in connection with Soviet gold, and that it intended to affirm its title to the gold recently shipped to New York by means of judicial action. This note was immediately transmitted from the State Department to the Treasury, which in turn made public its ruling.

The Bank of France at the same time notified the Chase Bank and the Equitable Trust Company that it had a claim against the Russian gold held by them and that it would prosecute this claim in the courts. A suit was promptly filed in the United States District Court in New York, the basis of it being an assertion that the gold held by the New York banks was the identical gold deposited with the prerevolutionary Czarist State Bank in 1915-1917.

The French Government, when recognizing the Soviet Government in October, 1924, stated in its note:

> Following the ministerial declaration of June 17, 1924, and your communication of July 19 last, the Government of the Republic, faithful to the friendship which unites the Russian and French peoples, recognizes de jure from this date the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as the Government of the territories of the former Russian Empire. . . . In this spirit the Government of the republic, wishful once more to serve the interests of peace and the future of Europe, designs to seek, together with the Union, a just and practicable settlement which would permit the restoration between the two nations of normal diplomatic and trade relations, provided French confidence shall be equitably satisfied. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The French Government thus holds Russian property and funds immune from seizure in France. It turned over to the Soviets the beautiful Czarist Embassy located in the heart of Paris. The Russian trade delegation does a large business unmolested in France. A French Embassy is maintained in Moscow. Negotiations regarding the settlement of the Russian debts to the French have been going on more than three years and on February 18, 1928, a little over two weeks prior to Claudel's note, M. De Monzie, a member of the French Cabinet and president of the Conference for the Settlement of the Franco-Russian Debts, stated in a public interview that:

> The Soviet Government has given us a note, now in our possession, in which it offers a basis of settlement. It would, without formally repudiating the previous edict annulling the debts, give us 62 annuities of 60,000,000 gold francs each.

He interpreted this offer as "an indication of real willingness to conduct world-wide negotiations for the settlement of Russian debts abroad."

Why should a foreign government which itself recognizes the Soviet Government, which encourages its own nationals to trade with Russia, whose navy has direct dealings with the Soviet Naphtha Trust, try to block the channels of trade between the United States and Soviet Russia? For the last seven years Soviet gold has been shipped to various European countries—England, Germany, Sweden, and others. It is estimated that shipments of upwards of $200,000,000 worth of gold have been made by the Soviet Government. In not one case have the French attempted to seize any of this gold. The very gold that the French are now claiming in New York went by rail through Poland and Germany to Hamburg and no move was made by the French to claim it.

Only one interpretation of the action of the French Government dealing with this gold seems possible. It is a political maneuver by which France hopes to win a point in the complicated game being played by the Great Powers in regard to Russia.

The French note with apprehension the development of Soviet-American trade. They realize that this trade is bound to grow and also that, in the near future, there will be heavy American financing in Russia. They themselves do not produce the kind of commodities that can be exported to Russia in considerable quantities. Perfumes, cosmetics, and other luxuries are banned by the Russians. But the French would like to become a party to American trade and financing, reaping the profit of broker and middleman. In order to achieve this they have selected a method which has been successful in recent dealings with Americans—that of pin-pricking and petty annoyances. They have found that the American colossus, when confronted with annoyances of a minor nature, would rather give in than fight. The success of such tactics was demonstrated recently when the French succeeded in lifting the State Department's embargo on French industrial financing in America because of non-ratification of their debt to the United States. Last September a discriminatory tariff against certain American products was introduced in France; it was removed in November, and in January the French were rewarded by the removal of the embargo against their industrial loans.

The State Department found it necessary on February 21 of this year to protest against the proposed French petroleum law which "would work to the distinct disadvantage of American oil interests by limiting their present business and depriving them of millions of dollars worth of future sales." Even more recently a French commission was appointed in order to compel our film industry to make concessions to the French. Another example of French method is the protest lodged by the French Government last December against a deal with Russia made by the American group headed by Percival Farquhar for certain mining properties in the Donetz Basin. The French insist that prior to the revolution this property belonged to French nationals.

The Bank of France asserts that the Russian gold now in New York is the identical gold deposited in Russia by France before the revolution; and the bank is understood to claim that it is unnecessary to prove that it is the identical gold since, in the case of goods that pass by weight and measure,* the owner is entitled to recover an equivalent value in the same material but need not establish the actual identity of the goods. Good legal opinion holds that gold does not fall in this category and that the French cannot recover the Russian gold if it is proved to be Soviet property. The Russians claim that the gold now in New York was mined in Siberia during 1925-1926-1927 and that the records of their smelters and mints prove this.

It is not likely that the French seriously expect to get the Russian gold, but they are probably hoping to keep American-Russian trade relations in their present state of insecurity and instability, so that the returns from trade and financing may be reaped in Europe—offering France an opportunity to share in the profits.

It remains to be seen whether the French can get away with this latest maneuver. Perhaps American manufacturers and bankers will be stirred by this intrigue conducted on American territory against American trade and business. If so, they could force their State Department to change its vacillating policy and to enter into relations with the Soviet Government which would make it impossible for a foreign government to block American trade in the United States —as it would not and could not do in its own country.

It has just been disclosed that the United States Treasury did accept Russian gold when, in 1921-1922, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and head of the American Relief Administration, wanted to use $12,200,000 of Russian money to buy seed and supplies in the United States. According to H. H. Fisher, official historian of the American Relief Administration, "he immediately encountered strong opposition . . . but on January 6 Hoover urged the matter at a meeting of the Cabinet and secured a favorable decision." On February 7, February 15, and March 13, 1922, the gold arrived—all, upon Mr. Hoover's insistence, in Czarist coin or pre-war bullion—and it was accepted by the United States Assay Office, melted, and reminted! This was, frankly, confiscated gold, while the gold just refused was, according to the Soviet Government, recently mined; but no question was ever raised as to its title, and the precedent, apparently, was forgotten in America until recalled by A. L. Scheinman, president of the Russian State Bank. Surely the Treasury, reversing its policy at the behest of the French, is made ridiculous.

* Such goods include wheat, coal, and oil. It is interesting, in this connection, that the French navy purchased last year about $10,000,000 worth of Soviet oil which Sir Henry Deterding of the Royal Dutch Shell claimed was "stolen" from the wells seized by the Soviets from his company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Anniversary Committee Reports

TO THE READERS OF THE NATION:

In December, 1927, a small group of *Nation* readers in New York City undertook to form a national committee in honor of Oswald Garrison Villard's first ten years as editor of *The Nation*. The Tenth Anniversary Committee of *Nation* Readers, which completed its organization during January, 1928, under the chairmanship of William Allen White, resulted. In addition to its officers, the committee consists of sixty-four Honorary Vice-Chairmen, representing the States of Illinois, North Dakota, New York, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, New Jersey, Nebraska, Arizona, California, Colorado, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Missouri, Minnesota, Washington, Montana, and the District of Columbia, and one hundred and sixty-nine members, widely representative of the varied interests of national life.

The formation of such a committee in honor of the editor of one weekly paper is, so far as we know, unique in the history of journalism. We feel that it merits a few words as to the character and distinction of its membership. Fourteen United States Senators, six Congressmen, three United States Judges, and two State Governors are included. Organized labor is represented by some of its highest officials—William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; James H. Maurer, president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor; and Morris Sigman, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. The organized women of America are represented on this committee by their two most celebrated leaders, Carrie Chapman Catt and Alice Paul; the world of social welfare and reform, by such names as Lillian Wald, Florence Kelley, and Judge Ben B. Lindsey. Four college presidents are included in the membership of the committee, leading scholars of a dozen universities, and such internationally known Americans as John Dewey, Franz Boas, Jane Addams, T. H. Morgan, and John Cotton Dana.

For the rest, we have among our membership, artists, musicians, actors, business men, lawyers, authors, publishers, journalists, historians, novelists, poets, of no mean distinction. But possibly the most striking feature in the membership of this committee formed to honor an editor, is the presence of thirty-one fellow-editors. These include half a dozen magazine editors, as for example, Paul U. Kellogg of the *Survey* and Henry Goddard Leach of the *Forum*, and more than a score of newspaper editors scattered over the country. Among them are Fremont Older of the San Francisco *Call*, Joseph Pulitzer of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Frank E. Gannett of the Rochester, N. Y., *Times Union*, Julian Harris of the Columbus, Georgia, *Enquirer-Sun*, Ernest Gruening of the Portland, Maine, *Evening News*, Abraham Cahan of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, Hans Kaltenborn of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, and Waldo Cooke of the *Springfield Republican*.

From its beginning the Tenth Anniversary Committee decided to adopt a twofold program: First, to arrange for a widespread celebration of the Tenth Anniversary so that as many *Nation* readers as possible could personally greet and congratulate Mr. Villard, and second, to present him with a substantial number of new subscriptions to *The Nation*, as the most fitting tribute to his ten years' service as editor.

Learning that Mr. Villard's fifty-sixth birthday was to fall on March 13, the committee chose that date for the climax of its celebration. Accordingly, on the initiative of local groups of *Nation* readers, but with the cooperation of the committee, Tenth Anniversary *Nation* Dinners were arranged and held in Washington, D. C., on March 1, in Rochester, New York, on March 5, in Philadelphia, on March 7, in Wilmington, Delaware, on March 8, in Baltimore on March 9, in Boston, March 10, and in New York City on March 13. These functions were, without exception, remarkably successful and enthusiastic. It is estimated that, as guest of honor at all these seven dinners, Mr. Villard addressed more than 2,500 *Nation* readers.

At the birthday dinner in New York, which was attended by twelve hundred people, tributes to *The Nation* and its editor were read from all over the world. Some of these appear below and on the opposite page.

In carrying out the second part of its program, the Tenth Anniversary Committee feels that it has been no less successful. Owing to the prompt and generous response of *Nation* readers throughout the country, we were able to make Mr. Villard a birthday gift of 2,571 new subscribers. He received also a book of extracts from *The Nation*, containing the names of those who sent in new subscriptions.

And now, although the program originally undertaken has been completed, the committee does not yet see fit to go out of existence. There seems no end to the demand for *Nation* dinners. The newly organized Los Angeles Committee is holding a Tenth Anniversary dinner on March 31. Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and Cleveland are asking for the privilege of holding *Nation* dinners. *Nation* readers everywhere are writing in to ask us if it is too late to send in a new subscription for the birthday gift. In view of all this the committee has decided to continue in existence until June 1. Mr. Villard has been persuaded to give the first three weeks of May to a Mid-Western trip. And a second edition of the book "Pages From The Nation" will be issued, with an opportunity for all who wish to be identified with the Tenth Anniversary to enrol their names in it and to obtain a copy.

The telegrams which poured in upon Mr. Villard on his birthday we feel should be shared with those who could not attend the dinner; but there is room here for only a few.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN, *Secretary*

London, England

In the turmoil of the past decade your journal has stood constant, a beacon flashing its message of liberty, justice, peace, and good-will across the ocean. We wish for you and it many more years of such honorable service.

HILDA CLARK; KATE COURTNEY OF PENWITH; HAVELOCK ELLIS; A. G. GARDINER; MARY AGNES HAMILTON; HUBERT HENDERSON, Editor *Nation;* FRANCIS W. HIRST, JOHN A. HOBSON; GEORGE LANSBURY; HAROLD J. LASKI; J. RAMSAY MACDONALD; W. MELLOR, Editor *Daily Herald;*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY W. NEVINSON; BARON OLIVIER; F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE; E. PETHICK-LAWRENCE; ARTHUR PONSONBY; BERTRAND RUSSELL; EVELYN SHARP; PHILIP SNOWDEN; J. A. SPENDER; H. M. SWANWICK; LORD THOMSON; H. M. TOMLINSON; GRAHAM WALLAS; JOSIAH WEDGWOOD; H. G. WELLS; ELLEN WILKINSON; GERTRUDE CROSS.

London, England

I wish it were possible for me to be with you on March 13, when my friend Oswald Garrison Villard celebrates his fifty-sixth birthday as your guest. I do not always agree with what Villard says, but he is one of those chosen people whose independence of thought and courage in expressing it are far too precious to be limited to the approval of anybody. His function is to stimulate, to challenge, and to encourage. I hope you will associate me with the toast of his health and prosperity and be sure that though the wide seas separate us in body, my spirit is at your table. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Manchester, England

Hearty congratulations on completion of your ten years of brilliant and reconciling work on the paper which Godkin made so famous.

C. P. SCOTT, Editor *Manchester Guardian*

London, England

Villard's personality stamped on every page of *Nation* and even those who most frequently disagree with his opinions must honor the fearless manner in which he stands up for every cause in which he believes. May he be spared for many more years of his editorship.

JOHN EVELYN WRENCH, Editor *Spectator*

Moscow, Russia

Revolutionary China rejoices tenth anniversary Mr. Villard's editorship of *The Nation,* which has never failed to sympathize with the struggle of the Chinese masses for freedom.

SUN CHUNG-LING (Madame Sun Yat-sen)

Berlin, Germany

Heartiest birthday greetings to the worthy leader of the leading humanitarian journal. THOMAS MANN

Berlin, Germany

To the brave and selfless warrior for all true democratic ideas and for a peace based on humanity and justice, greetings.

THEODOR WOLFF, Editor *Berliner Tageblatt*

Berlin, Germany

German liberals greet the champion of fairness and international good-will and hope to celebrate with you many more decades of devotion to noble causes.

GEORG BERNHARD, Editor *Vossische Zeitung*

Berlin, Germany

You are a courageous, world-famed fighter for truth, freedom, justice. German democracy is honored to stand alongside you in the struggle for the assertion of these principles in intercourse between all nations.

ANTON ERKELENZ, *Member Reichstag*

Moscow, Russia

Greetings to *Nation* and Oswald Garrison Villard for work against American imperialism in Latin America. Hope it will continue. DIEGO RIVERA

New York

Permit me to say to the *Nation* subscribers assembled here, to-night, that I am made doubly happy in having a son who has given so large a portion of his time to the cause of honest journalism.

In doing so, he follows in the footsteps of his father and grandfather.

A continuance in his noble profession is the best wish that his proud mother can give him on this—his fifty-sixth birthday.

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, D. C.

Deeply regret that matters prevent my attending the dinner in honor of Mr. Villard. I should be delighted to join in a tribute of respect to this great journalist. Please express to him my very best wishes and my hope that there is to be allotted to him many years of happiness and service. *The Nation* is a great power for liberalism. May its prestige and power increase. WILLIAM E. BORAH

Washington, D. C.

If we had more *Nations* or many more readers of *The Nation* we would have no Daugherty and no Fall in the Cabinet, no Little Green House on K Street, no Teapot Dome scandal, no injunctions preventing free speech, a free press, or the right to free assemblage in Pennsylvania. In other words, we would have a decent, enlightened public opinion and right not might, justice not injustice, the truth not a lie would prevail. Congratulations on your fifty-sixth birthday. My hope is that you may continue as editor of *The Nation* for at least fifty-six more years. BURTON K. WHEELER

Albany, N. Y.

I send sincere congratulations to you on your birthday anniversary. You have done much in the dissemination of knowledge and intelligent problems confronting the people as editor of *The Nation,* which is a splendid vehicle for the conveyance of your broad, liberal views. I send good wishes and trust that you will continue to have many future anniversaries.

ALFRED E. SMITH, *Governor*

New York

You are one of the people who make New York interesting; your paper helps to keep journalism awake and alive, and the city is proud of you. I hope the Mayors for many more decades will find you still at work.

JAMES J. WALKER, *Mayor*

Chicago

Villard's journalistic personality is a precious international asset. Please tender him my homage of affection and admiration. More power to *The Nation.* SYUD HOSSAIN

Wilmington, Del.

As counsel of the enchained and oppressed people of Santo Domingo in the fight for their liberty and independence against the invaders and interventionists of Washington, I want to express to you for them and their now free and independent nation, their everlasting gratitude for your courageous, tireless, and effective services in that memorable and historical struggle. You planned and initiated that brilliant and successful campaign; your paper was first on the firing line and the last to leave. Had it not been for you and *The Nation,* Santo Domingo would be today bleeding in the eagle's claws, like Nicaragua and her helpless little sister nation, Haiti.

HORACE G. KNOWLES

Columbus, Georgia

Mr. Villard and *The Nation* have earned the respect and admiration of all persons who believe in the honest, untrammeled, and fearless discussion of political and economic questions. Along with Mr. Villard's courage in attacking privilege, injustice, prejudice, and intolerance go a sympathetic understanding of and a vital interest in the problems of the masses. And never has he failed in a willingness—an eagerness—to preserve human rights. We salute his generous and undaunted spirit. JULIA AND JULIAN HARRIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Santa Fe, N. M.

I congratulate the people of the United States on having a magazine in which freedom of speech is a sturdy fact and an editor able and willing to maintain it at the level of contributors who have something to say. MARY AUSTIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Never before have we been more in need of independent journalism and never before have we had so little of it. The growing concentration of newspapers into relatively few hands and the increasing scope of syndicated news are phenomena of deep portent. . . . Ideas are not subject to the technique of mass production, and it may well be that our weeklies will serve as a ferment in the great lump of regimented, head-line opinion. At all events, that must be our faith, and the influence which Mr. Villard and his associates have been exerting through *The Nation* during the last few years gives strength to such faith. FELIX FRANKFURTER

Cambridge, Mass.

During the last decade Mr. Villard has seemed to me the very embodiment of American idealism, and the word *patriot* seems to me to have its true meaning only when applied to a man like him. KUNO FRANCKE

New York City

Mr. Herter and myself on the *Independent* are, as a rule, diametrically opposed to everything that Mr. Villard advocates. Upon almost every subject under the sun our opinions, our ideas, and our methods would be the exact opposite of his. This difference in point of view and direction, however, has only served to increase our respect for his sincerity, his courage, and his great ability as a journalist. He belongs to the great group of editors who are also fighting journalists, who fight hard and never hit below the belt. His absolute sincerity and his unqualified courage have won the respect even of his enemies. More than that, they have won a kind of affectionate admiration. This country needs *The Nation*, and it needs Mr. Villard. Long life and success to them both.

RICHARD DANIELSON, Editor *Independent*

In the Driftway

THE Drifter does not put up a great deal at hotels, nor does he often ask them to call him in the morning. Perhaps, therefore, his experience lately in a Mid-western city was novel only to him and will be received by others merely as a confession of ignorance. Anyhow he asked to be called every morning at seven o'clock, little knowing what he was bringing down on himself.

* * * * *

AT the appointed hour the telephone bell tinkled merrily on the table. The Drifter arose, said "All right" yawningly into the receiver, and proceeded to shave. He had just thrown up an imposing intrenchment of lather about his mouth when the telephone rang again. Curious to know who could be calling him so early the Drifter responded, only to hear a metallic voice say "Seven o'clock." The Drifter thought the girl had forgotten that she had already called him and, muttering his thanks, went back to his shaving. The next morning the same thing happened. Again the Drifter thought it was due to a mistake and, muttering his thanks with rather more mutter and considerably less thanks, he resumed his toilet.

BUT when the double act was repeated on the third morning the Drifter was annoyed. He picked up the telephone and told the operator icily that he had already been called once, that when he left a call for seven o'clock he did not intend that it should be a continuous performance lasting all forenoon, and that he would appreciate it if she paid a little attention to her job and left him alone after the first call. Whereupon a pert reply came back over the wire: "We always call guests twice. It's the orders of the hotel." This information was such a shock of novelty to the Drifter that he hung up the receiver without attempting to say more. Hotels are curious places and there is no explaining some of their customs. But the Drifter thought that in spite of the telephone operator's complacent reply she would do better the next morning, regardless of the "orders of the hotel."

* * * * *

HE was wrong. In the midst of his shave he was interrupted by the now detested and detestable telephone bell. Rushing at it with consuming anger in his heart, he took the receiver off the hook and banged it on the table without deigning a reply. "That'll keep them quiet, I guess," he said to himself grimly, and went back to his shaving. Alas, no! In the middle of his shower bath a knock came at the Drifter's door. He gouged the soap out of his mouth, slipped on a bath robe, and responded. A bellboy, with expressionless face, stood in the hall. "Your receiver is off the hook," he said.

* * * * *

THE next night was to be the Drifter's last in the hotel. Before going to bed he made a personal visit to the hotel desk. In his most ingratiating voice he explained that he didn't want to ask a favor that would disorganize and permanently cripple the routine of the hotel, but if it could be done without summoning a full meeting of the board of directors or getting a special act through the legislature he would like to be called at seven o'clock *only once* the next morning. A young man received this communication with the utmost solemnity and for half an hour afterward the Drifter, who was sitting near by, heard him trying to drive the idea into the heads of various other persons.

* * * * *

THE Drifter was called only once the next morning, but on his next journey he will carry an alarm clock.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

To Los Angeles Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I address *The Nation* readers of Los Angeles and vicinity through your columns? On March 12 the organization of a Los Angeles Committee of *Nation* Readers was effected. Aaron Riche was elected chairman, Agnes O'Malley secretary, Saul S. Klein treasurer, and Lew Head program chairman. It was decided to hold a Tenth Anniversary *Nation* Dinner at the City Club, 833 S. Spring Street, on Saturday evening, March 31. Prominent speakers and a good musical program will make this an outstanding liberal event in Los Angeles. The committee urges *Nation* readers to come and bring their friends. Reservations at $2 each should be made beforehand at the City Club or at the Treasurer's office, 522 Citizens' National Bank Building.

Los Angeles, California, March 12 AARON RICHE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books, Music, Plays

First Glance

Take me till tomorrow night an' 'bout a dozen books to tell about all jobs I worked at an' all places I been. I never stays in one place mo' 'n four weeks, leastwise never mo' 'n five. Long lonesome road I been down. . . . I been helper in maloominum plant, stirrin' pots at Bessemer, janitor for mayor of two towns, factory hand, porter an' butler on railroad, an' wipin' up engines of Great Northwestern railroad. I been waiter in hotels an' restaurants. I sold papers in mo' 'n one town. . . . I been in government camp an' in Ford factory. . . . I was hand on Mississippi Delta job, boatin' on Mississippi River an' on lake, diggin' in coal mine, an' workin' in steel foundry. . . . An' been times I run up 'gainst the law. But mos' times all dirt I ever done I been lucky enough to git off.

THIS will give a taste of Left Wing Gordon's talk. Howard W. Odum has taken it down and put it in a book called "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" (Bobbs-Merrill: $3)—and what a book it is! I cannot guess how much credit belongs to Mr. Odum, though I suspect that a great deal does. Left Wing is the hero, of course; he has done all the things, he tells all the stories, he sings all the songs. But Mr. Odum, who incidentally introduced him to us first in another volume published two years ago, has peculiar excellences as transcriber and recorder, and it seems perfectly safe to say that without his work we should never have known what we possessed in this magnificent Negro wanderer through thirty-eight States, a hundred occupations, and I don't know how many hundred shooting-scrapes and love-encounters. I should think that any American would want to read the book, the background of which—railroads, foundries, prisons, and camps—is white but the mind of which is about as purely black as we are likely ever to get in books produced by white men. And I particularly recommend it to those white people who think they understand the Negro. Understand this energy, this shiftlessness, this sublime indifference to "virtue"? Understand this man who has his own code—perhaps—but knows nothing of the loyalties supposed to be current and everywhere binding? Read "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" and see if it can be done. It will be a chastening experience, one sure to awaken any reader to the still incredible variety and wildness of our world.

Claude McKay's novel, "Home to Harlem" (Harper: $2.50), will be a little easier to understand even though it is the work of a Negro. The scene is chiefly the cabarets of black New York, and the theme is chiefly love, and to be sure love comes here wearing clothes such as were never seen on the white man's Eros—clothes darker, more odorous, and more lavishly cut than any we are likely to conceive. But Mr. McKay, a poet who has lived in both New York and Paris and who has read many white books, adds decorations which are neither interesting nor convincing. His ideas, his detached observations, and especially his "superior" character called Ray make pale reading compared with Jake the hero, Felice his "sweetness," and the sweating horde of lovers who have put on Harlem only as the thinnest of disguises. As folk-lore the book is valuable; as fiction it seems to me quite without form or meaning.

As folk-lore also, not as biography or anything else, I took "Alger: A Biography Without a Hero," by Herbert R. Mayes (Macy-Masius: $3.50). But it is white folk-lore this time; and it is thin, sorry stuff—the last poor ravelings of a certain homespun puritanism that is somewhat less alive now than it was when Horatio Alger poured out his 119 books for boys. Alger, it seems, went to Harvard and so always wanted to write a good book, but kept letting himself off with Alger books until it was too late. What he did—and what undoubtedly he could not have missed doing—was to say all that could be said for the smug little morals we imbibed as boys. And it is not much. Nor is Mr. Mayes's book worth much beyond the point where it reveals just what kinds of weakness Alger had; for it is one of those irritating biographies in which we are never told what things are true and what things are merely vivid. For me personally there is nothing so vivid in biography as facts that look like facts.

MARK VAN DOREN

Literary Africa

The African Saga. By Blaise Cendrars. Payson and Clark. $5.

"THIS is what my father taught me, and he had it from his father, and so for a long, long time back, since the very beginning." And since that very beginning the African peoples, like all the others save only ourselves, have been spinning the tales which constitute their literary heritage. It is our good fortune that M. Cendrars has made available for us, in a form so easily accessible, fragments of the lore, the explanations, the shrewd observations, and the poetic images into which the genius of this people has transmuted its experience.

His work will bring joy to any one who likes a good story well told, and his publishers have added to it by the imagination which has gone into the printing and binding of these tales. Cosmic legends, reasons for the existence of fetishes and for the power they hold, historical traditions of some of the tribes, fantastic tales told for the joy of telling them, stories with morals, love stories, humorous stories, and fables—all are given us. One is thankful that M. Cendrars has included a few, if only a very few, of the proverbs which embody so much of the wisdom of the Africans, and regretful that their conundrums, with their dry implications and subtle comments on life, were neglected.

Some of the stories will have a familiar ring. The adventures of the mythical hero of the Fan people, Bingo, include the story of the well-intentioned spider who spun her web over the cave in which Bingo took refuge when he was pursued by his angry father, the Lord of all things, who was bent on his death. The sandals of Samba, a legendary figure of the Todoro, were too small for any one else to wear and so proved his identity as the slayer of the crocodile which had harassed the folks of a certain town. The tale called Ingratitude is not at all unlike the one which tells how the kindly man who warmed the serpent in his own bosom was stung as a reward for his solicitude, while the hyena whose bone was lost in the water because she wanted the fat piece of meat she thought the reflection of the moon to be is a sister in greediness to the dog of our childhood stories.

Many of the proverbs, too, are anything but strange. "Who goes slowly goes far." "Let the candid man buy a good horse to escape on when he has told the truth." "It is easier to eat a hare than an elephant." "He who wants to beat his dog will always find a stick." "The thief is he who is caught." "A village is fine, seen from without; seen from within it is a gar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bage-heap!" "One day more won't make an elephant rot." "If you want peace, give ear to your wives' proposals."

Even in reading the scattered bits of the folk-lore of Africa given by M. Cendrars it is obvious that we are not presented with anything alien. With the manner in which the incidents in the stories are arranged, with the concepts which underlie them, with the morals that go with them, with the allegorical presentations of wisdom that characterize the proverbs, we are thoroughly at home. And why not? Africa, Asia, and Europe are one land mass. And stories travel almost as far as there are men to carry them. Some stories, as we know, have enormous distributions—are found scattered over vast areas. Only the source of common origin is difficult to state. For it is characteristic of folk-tales that they are, in large measure, presentations of the culture of which they form a part. The incidents may have been taken from an alien source, but they are fairly sure to be changed to fit into the experiences of the people who tell the tale as it is found. Did the African give these stories to the European? Did both obtain them from a common source? Or were the stories diffused from Europe? One can only pose the questions.

Whatever their origin, there can be no denying the artistry which characterizes these literary productions of the Africans. And they are doubly artistic since they have withstood the hazards of a double translation. Miss Bianco has made her rendition faithfully and with care. But it is unfortunate that she did not possess a greater knowledge of the material. It is not beyond suspicion that certain tales which were originally in English, such as those of Bishop Callaway from the Zulu, have simply been retranslated into English. Still further, the transition as the stories shift from one portion of the continent to another is rather dizzying—there is no "African mythology" as such any more than there is "an" African people. There are vast differences between the various peoples, and an equally vast one between their stories. To couple a Masai tale with a Hottentot one is almost like coupling the adventures of Odysseus with those of Siegfried.

But this criticism is not fairly leveled against such a book. It is one of beauty, of charm, and of discrimination, and is to be enthusiastically recommended. MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Gandhi

Young India. By Mahatma Gandhi. The Viking Press. $5.
Gandhiji in Indian Villages. By Mahadev Desai. Madras: S. Ganesan.

THERE was a period (1921–1922) in India when the strength of the Non-cooperation movement under Gandhi's leadership was so great and the feeling it had aroused so extensive that the British had made preparations to fight to a finish for their hold upon the country. Only the word of Gandhi was awaited to inaugurate the uprising, and both Indians and British expected that word at any moment. But it never came. The critical period passed, and the British occupation was never challenged by physical force.

That period was the climax of Gandhi's career, and once it and his failure to give the word for revolt are understood, they will throw the strongest light upon his character. For to him political independence was not an end in itself; it was only to be an accompaniment of something much more fundamental, namely, a growth of righteousness in the hearts of Indians that would make them abhor violence toward one another and toward the foreigner, and would as it came to exist automatically rid the land of all its ills. It was religion that was of the first importance, not politics. And just when he thought his people had acquired that universal love and could revolt without the use of violence, there took place bloody events that brought disillusionment. India was not ripe for his program, and he learned so just in time. For he saw clearly that, even if the British should be expelled, the spirit of violence would still drive the Hindus and the Mohammedans against each other, as it had been doing for 900 years. The last state of the country would be no better than the first.

After his failure to strike when opportunity seemed to be present, his political power began to ebb away. But his influence as a religious leader has never waned. Ahinsa (Non-violence) may not yet be a practicable program for India, but it is nevertheless the country's ideal; for India is the greatest pacifist nation in the world; and it is the insistence upon this doctrine that makes Gandhi great in the eyes of his fellows. "I have always said," he tells us, "that my politics are subservient to my religion"; and indeed every item of reform which he advocates has for him a religious sanction.

The volume of "Young India" before us, 984 pages in length, is composed of selected writings from his journal by the same name, with a few speeches, letters, or articles by him and others scattered through it. "Gandhiji in Indian Villages" is an account of missionarying tours by him throughout India during 1925, the first part being a report by a young Indian who is closely associated with Gandhi, the second part by Gandhi himself. The two books present very clearly what Gandhi thinks and says about every question that agitated India during 1924-1926, and shows the means he adopts to spread his ideas.

Constantly he preaches Non-violence; he urges Hindu-Moslem tolerance and mutual love, especially in a famous article published at the end of May, 1924, for which he was censured by all parties; he deplores irresponsible journalism; he expresses his opinion of Christian missions ("How very nice it would be if the missionaries rendered humanitarian service without the ulterior aim of conversion"); he calls for all religions to tolerate one another; he speaks of the Labor Party when it was in power, designating it as "reactionary"; he defends his fasts and explains what they mean to him; he writes disapprovingly of the communal system of representation in the Indian legislative bodies; he discusses the difficult question of how far it is possible not to cooperate with the courts (it seems there are extreme cases when cooperation is necessary); he protests against the boycott of Empire goods on the ground that a boycott should not be directed against any nation but against articles whose importation is injurious to India, no matter whence they may come; he discusses "national education," which had a very short-lived popularity; he propagandizes in every way for hand-spinning; he writes of C. R. Das, once his follower, later his opponent, always his friend; he complains about the inadequacy of municipal sanitation; he attacks drugs, drink, the devil, and machinery; he advocates the merciful extinction of the wretched, starving dogs that infest the streets of Indian towns; he chides individuals much as a father might his children. These are only some of the matters with which the selections deal.

For most of his ideas he got no very willing ears. His program has grown less and less popular, although he never has personally. The Indian National Congress repudiated the spinning franchise; the Hindus and the Mohammedans would not be at peace. Yet he never lost hope or relinquished his convictions. Only his campaign for the bettering of the untouchables seems to prosper. With simplicity and directness he carries it to regions where they are not even allowed to ride in the same railway carriages with the better born but have "reserved" quarters in open freight cars. At a meeting in such a community he may either induce—with perfect politeness—the organizers to remove the restrictions regarding the intermingling of high and low, or else—with equal politeness—desert his high-caste entertainers to sit among the despised and rejected. Always he is humble, always self-forgetful.

The merits of Gandhi's political methods and economic doctrines we need not discuss; but certainly no one is doing as much as he to destroy the unlovely social phases of the Indian religions. He is the idol of the folk, whose acclamations and importunity become so unbearable at times that he says: "I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was obliged even to stuff my ears to prevent the shouts making me almost to swoon." High-caste Hindus listen to him and slowly show a willingness to grant amelioration to the untouchables. Christian missionaries aid him and allow him to speak at their schools and colleges.

Gandhi is a character whose pure gold is transmuted into lead as soon as we get him at second hand, even though through a Romain Rolland. The only way those in America can get the best from him is to read his own writings and speeches, not composed for any but Indians and therefore free of self-consciousness, as made available to us in volumes like these. Here we have Gandhi and here too we have India through the binoculars of his mind.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Polished History

The Oxford History of the United States, 1783-1917. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. $10.

FOR most American readers the initial interest of these volumes will probably consist in the supposed implication that a history of the United States, written primarily for an English audience, must be something different from a history of the United States designed for American consumption. Yet American history, after all, is only American history, to be taken or left, if you please, according to taste, but hardly to be altered in fact or meaning to suit the national prejudices or geographical locations of those who may choose to write or study it. Beyond such explanations of words or usages as go with differences of vocabulary or custom, or geographical reminders that help the reader to keep his place with the map (all of these, it should be said, matters to which the author in this instance is systematically attentive), it would seem, at least at first thought, that the American story, like the British or the French story, might well be told in substantially the same fashion on either side of the Atlantic, and left to stand or fall by its intrinsic substance much like a Latin grammar or a textbook of anatomy.

It may be said at once that, for most practical purposes, there is nothing distinctively English about Professor Morison's book. Three years of residence at Oxford as Harmsworth Professor of American History has, indeed, given him a point of view. As he himself remarks, quoting Charles Ashleigh, "England provides you with a quiet place in which to sit down in peace to write about America. And it gives you a far-off place of calm from which to view America." Oxford students, too, appear to have exhibited "a questioning and critical spirit" rather more pronounced than that commonly to be found in American universities. What Professor Morison appears to have studied and reflected upon, however, in the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties, is simply the same American history that the fathers made and the children inherit; and, aside from some differences of proportion and emphasis proper for an audience to whom that history must always be, in comparison with their own, a thing apart, the book which he has produced might quite as well have been written here as there.

The differences or adaptations, such as they are, may be briefly described. There is more than the usual emphasis upon international relations and diplomatic controversies, especially with Great Britain. Local color is supplied by some excellent summary accounts of the social characteristics of sections or localities, particularly New England and the slaveholding South, and to these are added a systematic use of personal characterizations and some informing references to literature and intellectual life. Local details, on the other hand, are carefully pruned, and some constitutional or political controversies that receive much space in American books are rather briefly summarized. The largest single allotment of space falls to the Civil War and the years immediately preceding and following, an allocation perhaps to be explained by the special interest that has been shown in England in the military and diplomatic aspects of the war. Taken as a whole, the narrative is political far more than economic or social, and almost as much international as national. Professor Morison's United States is preeminently a World Power, not a nation in isolation.

Such criticisms as are to be passed upon the book relate to form more than to substance. Professor Morison writes more easily than he did when I had the honor of welcoming in these columns his admirable life of Harrison Gray Otis, and there is no American history of equal bulk now on the market that is as consistently good reading as this one, but his style scintillates a little too brightly at times for the serious business that he essays, and the polish of his phrases carries a suggestion of artifice. Even his chapter and section captions savor of effect: Enter Hamilton, The Four Lean Kine (i.e., gun-boats, impressment, embargo, and sedition), Cultural Gleams, Joining and Other Sports, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Exit Spain. Some of his personal characterizations will strike many readers as too downright; for example, "Calhoun is a tiresome figure in American history, and pernicious as well, unless the Civil War was wholesome. One wearies of the unrealistic, humorless logic of his writings as of his noble-Roman pose, with hand resting on heart and over-handsome features surmounted by a dramatic mop of hair." And is it so certain that Taft is entitled to be classed as a Progressive, or that Colonel House actually chose Wilson's Cabinet?

These are minor spots on what is really an excellent book, and Professor Morison is entitled to his opinions. There are some well-chosen maps to help out the text, and an extensive bibliography for those who would read further. If the reading of these two volumes does not stimulate an interest in American history among cultivated Englishmen, the case may be regarded as hopeless, for a more scholarly or attractive attempt to tell the story of the one country for the special benefit of the thinking part of the other is not likely soon to be made.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Cotton-Mill Problem

Labor in Southern Cotton Mills. By Paul Blanshard. New Republic, Inc. 25 cents.

COMPARING Mr. Blanshard's study with that of Mr. Peter Goldsmith, "The Cotton Mill South," made twenty years ago, it is obvious that a great deal of water has flowed under the bridge in two decades. When the earlier report was made the Southern cotton-manufacturing industry had only sectional implications, whether technical or human. Low standards of life and work and wages were at most local. They did not carry a threat to labor in the rest of the country, and did not jeopardize American liberalism. Welfare work in company-owned villages was looked upon as a clear gain in all its features.

Since the southward migration of cotton mills set in five or six years ago, Northern textile centers have been stripped of one enterprise after another, and Southern chambers of commerce and hydro-electric power companies have invited exploitation of the Southern poor white. He is Anglo-Saxon, union-proof, amenable to the profit designs of the employer. The backwardness of Southern protective legislation is cried up as a business resource. New England industrialists are invited to have done with chafing and repining, and come South to an unbelievably happy hunting-ground.

It is Southern operatives whom Mr. Blanshard has moved among and pictured, and his account is the best handbook on the subject. He has eyes in the back of his head as well as in the front of it, for he sees not only the life which the mill hand is experiencing but that from which he came. The change brings many elements of benefit—in social contacts, albeit narrow; in cash wages, though markedly lower than in the rest of the coun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

try; in the fruits of paternalism, though initiative is in several ways snuffed out. Mr. Blanshard has the virtue, rare in writers on this subject, of realizing that the Southern industry is in transition and is exhibiting phases which have been familiar in other times and places.

This fairness adds to the weight of his condemnation of the ten- and eleven-hour day and the eleven- and twelve-hour night, the immaturity and timidity of the public mind, and the unobstructed sway of the entrepreneur with his boom psychology. All Southerners ought to read Mr. Blanshard's report, but whether they do or not, it defines for the whole country the hazard which the South now opens to labor standards in one of our greatest primary industries. BROADUS MITCHELL

Cézanne

Cézanne and His Circle. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by J. Holroyd-Reece. Charles Scribner's Sons. $22.50.

Cézanne. A Study of His Development. By Roger Fry. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE "Cézanne" of Julius Meier-Graefe shares the fault common in appreciative writing—exaggeration. It will not trust to the sensibilities of the reader, or to time, for agreement, but underlines its points so that the sleepiest reader will know what he is to think. Thus "A personality without an atom of suggestion, or of sensuality, a man for whom flowing bosoms were an anathema, an artist who had become nothing but sensuality and delectation: purest sensuality, delectation innocent of every ulterior purpose" means that Monet preferred landscapes to figures. We even get historical and philosophical misstatement. Cézanne is made synonymous with the Gothic spirit, and this is said to have been created by the Northern or Germanic temperament. It should be known by now that the elements of Gothic style were developed around the Mediterranean basin, and that its highest state was achieved in the Isle de France, whose people were as much Southern as Northern. But it appears that "Northern" is a state of mind and not a geographical term. Hence Poussin and Claude, because they are orderly and gay, relate to the Dutch or Southern spirit in opposition to Dürer and Cézanne, who are serious, concentrated, above law, and therefore Gothic or Northern. In fact, so mysterious is the word Gothic made that Cézanne is destined to "discover the North Pole in the South," which may explain why he found painting difficult.

If Meier-Graefe's volume contained only such generalizations as this, one would be puzzled as to the author's reputation. But, of course, it does not. While Meier-Graefe has the natural tendency of the lover to see in his object the supreme good of the world, he nevertheless leaves us in frequent lucid moments appreciations which are extraordinarily sensitive and aptly stated. Thus he describes Cézanne's desire to convey emotionally as well as visually what he saw and felt, that is, to put in paint more convincingly than before the individual harmony which each object had with every other, so that one would feel as well as recognize the relation of the house to the road, the road to the house, the trees to the road and the house, and the house and the road to the trees—and this applies, indeed, not only to each object but to each form and color of each object.

The "Cézanne" of Mr. Fry is another volume in interpretation, but it is far more cool-headed. Of all who have written on Cézanne he has struck the best balance among the testimonies of Zola, Gasquet, Vollard, Bernard, and Duret. He is the one, too, who has best appreciated Cézanne's early period, being at once sympathetic and discriminating there; and if his praise of the later work is no less enthusiastic than that of the others, it is less hyperbolic. But with them he errs, it seems to me, in overemphasizing Cézanne's sense of volumes. After all, volume, intensity, and mass are no virtues in themselves. Since Berenson wrote of "tactile values" every critic has imagined that before a still life he must dodge the apples. The truth is that the greatest painters are as remarkable for the subtlety of their feeling as for their intensity—for example, compare the Giottos of Padua with the Giottesques of Assisi. Cézanne is remarkable far more for his rich and considerate color than for his volumes, which are really inferior to the average in many instances. WALTER GUTMAN

Fiction Shorts

Mrs. Craddock. By Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This is a revised and rewritten edition of a novel which, when Mr. Maugham first wrote it thirty years ago, shocked at least three publishers out of their editorial chairs. The passionate heroine whose life is rendered abortive by the exigencies of her unashamed craving for love now seems a little tame, as the author himself intimates in his amusing preface. Caught within the old-fashioned pages of the book, however, is a really astonishing character creation: Miss Ley, an engaging, acidulous, middle-aged English lady whose wit and mordancy almost run away with the story. To her Mr. Maugham dedicates this new edition. She is unforgettable: Mr. Maugham should, and quite probably will, write a play about her.

Maria Capponi. By René Schickele. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

René Schickele is a post-war Alsatian novelist whose work is securing for him a growing reputation in Germany. One may well be permitted to doubt whether this version of his best-known novel deserves to make any corresponding impression on the American public. "Maria Capponi" is a tortuous and over-written novel of frustrated love, with an Alsatian and Venetian background. The most irritating thing about it is its feverish concern with the sensations of two young decadent aristocrats whose tempers have become so refined that, as the saying goes, their servants do their living for them. The heroine was conceived as a brilliant and moving figure; but she is rendered vague by the introduction of page after page of irrelevant detail. One might, for example, excise with profit the first seventy-five pages of pseudo-Proustian recollection which introduce us to the hero's long line of aristocratic ancestors.

Showcases. By Jacques Le Clerq. Macy-Masius. $2.

Six tales with a modern Parisian background, all occupied with what the publishers' blurb naively tells us is a subject "which all people, and most especially all American people, should think more upon." The stories deal respectively with a Lesbian, a castrato, a nymphomaniac, an almost-matriphile, a homosexual, and a curious lady of exciting but unclimactic sexual proclivities. Superficial and rather carelessly written as these tales are, they nevertheless possess a welcome quality. Despite the title of his book, Mr. Le Clerq does not see his subjects through psychopathologic glasses but solely as opportunities for refined amusement, the amusement that intelligent people should rightly reserve for eccentrics who are neither harmful nor monstrous.

Wintersmoon. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Another novel about the clash of pre-war and post-war generations in London, between the unyielding die-hard aristocrats and the free-kicking young intellectuals (aristocrats, too). Mr. Walpole, writing in his usual facile and competent style, gives us a story that is interesting and ingeniously motivated, people that are natural and alive. But with this procession of tradition-worshiping dukes, charitable duchesses, and well-meaning and stupid old Englishmen whose world is bounded by the four walls of their clubs there comes the curious feeling that one has read it all before. The incredibly kind hero, Lord Poole, finds his profoundest pleasure in contemplating his ances-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tral estate of Wintersmoon and its youthful heir, and his most radical aberration in the thought he once had during the war that "if it had not been for his love for England he would have been, long ago, a Conscientious Objector." As a contribution to the understanding of a shifting and critical period in English life this book is singularly unpenetrating. Mr. Walpole's sympathies are so obviously with the old and established that he cannot take the pains to glance into the other camp. Or perhaps he feels that there may be nothing really the matter, for, after all, aren't the English—as he modestly puts it—"the kindest and most genial of the human race?"

The Son. By Hildur Dixelius. Translated by Anna C. Settergren. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A sequel to "The Minister's Daughter," written in the same quaint and mystical manner. An almost inspired atmosphere seems to gleam at times through the dull fabric of this simple narrative of saintly peasants in the lonely regions of northern Sweden; but the book is spoiled by imperfect chapter cohesion and a style which is almost as barren as the lives of the God-fearing characters.

Luck and Other Stories. By Mary Arden. The John Day Company. $2.

The first published collection of the tales of a young English short-story writer whose cool grace and adeptness are undeniable. Miss Arden has not many strings to her bow: she deals almost exclusively with one of the easiest (and most perilous) of modern motifs—the frustrations of unimportant people. The trick here, of course, is to convey a troubling sense of tragedy without a single recourse to the so-called "grand style." Miss Arden for the most part succeeds admirably in this genre which Katherine Mansfield perfected and which is possibly at the moment being a trifle overworked by clever young Englishwomen. These twelve carefully under-emphatic ironic tales will undoubtedly prove one of the most distinguished of the season's short-story collections.

C. P. F.

Music

Circus Strong Men

THE fame of the obviously superb discipline and tone of orchestras like those of Boston and Philadelphia, and of what is becoming personal virtuosity in conductors' powers of re-creation, is causing the difference to disappear, yet there is still a difference between the concerts of orchestras and the recitals of pianists and violinists. It is a difference in the degree in which mere physical virtuosity is apparent; with, as a result, this difference in the effect of the performance: that the orchestral concert still fulfils its theoretic purpose of exhibiting music, while the piano recital offers a display of virtuosity for which music provides the occasion. These differences express themselves in the music performed. In the first place, music that has no value other than of its exploitation of an instrument is performed only rarely by an orchestra, but very frequently by a pianist. In the second place, a conductor finds it easier to exhibit unfamiliar music than a pianist, who must not only absorb its content but perfect the physical technique of its execution. And, finally, no more is demanded of the pianist than the limited number of familiar compositions which are the accepted tests of virtuosity; and what is demanded he supplies.

Consider, for example, Josef Hofmann, who in the course of years has acquired re-creative insight and technique which are, at their best, second to none. I am referring to his conceptions of compositions and their expression by tempo and color (it is in this re-creative technique, as I said in the beginning, that conductors are developing virtuosity, with similar

WHAT IS SOCIAL WORK? ". . . a new and developing profession . . . a professional substitute for the alms of former days. . ." (See Pamphlet, p. 2)

The Training School for Jewish Social Work

Offers a fifteen months' course of graduate study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several scholarships and fellowships ranging from $250 to $1,500 are available for especially qualified students.

For information, address The Director

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

210 WEST 91ST STREET NEW YORK CITY

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY

"Creating the New World Outlook"

Green Acre, Eliot, Maine

LECTURE COURSES

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS, Ph.D. of Princeton
July 30-August 3
Five lectures on *"The World Today in Terms of World Unity"*

FRANK HAMILTON HANKINS, Ph.D. of Smith College
August 6-10
Five lectures on *"Racial Differences and International Harmony"*

EDWIN ARTHUR BURTT, Ph.D. of University of Chicago
August 13-17
Five lectures on *"Science, Philosophy and Religion"*

NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, Ph.D. of Cornell University
August 20-24
Five lectures on *"The Evolution of Religion"*

Terms

4 courses $20 1 course $5 Single lecture $1.50

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY

The purpose of the Institute is to promote consideration of the new viewpoints and principles accepted by responsible scholars in history, science, philosophy and religion, especially those which create a real basis for faith in the capacities of humanity to achieve the spirit of unity and co-operation in all that pertains to the vital interests of mankind.

The site is noted for its remarkable natural beauty and healthfulness. Two hundred acres, Inn, cottages, community house, library, arts and crafts studio, theatre, dormitories and camps. Bathing, boating, tennis, golf, etc.

Accommodations at reasonable rates.

Send for Prospectus today.

INSTITUTE OF WORLD UNITY
4 East 12th Street, New York City

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consequences to orchestral concerts). There is also the physical technique with which Hofmann executes his conceptions, a technique of virtuoso caliber equal to his every musical demand. And it is to marvel at these techniques, but principally at the physical dexterity, as they would at some circus strong man's contracting his muscles, that people come to Hofmann's recitals. The result is that year after year he continues to apply them in public view to a few fugues by Bach, a few sonatas by Beethoven, a larger number of compositions by Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt, and Mendelssohn's Spring Song and Rubinstein's Melody in F. Reading his programs one would suppose that Brahms, Franck, Debussy, Albeniz, and Ravel had never written. And while he plays concertos by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Rubinstein, he ignores the Franck Symphonic Variations, both Brahms concertos, and even the one dedicated to him by Rachmaninoff. This year, appearing with orchestra for the first time in two years, he elects to play a concerto by Saint-Saëns; and at his annual recital he plays again Beethoven's Appassionata and Chopin's Preludes. This is a degradation of his function as an executive artist.

So is it a degradation and perversion of the function of an orchestral concert to display the worst music in America because its composer is the best connected. I refer, need I say, to the music of Ernest Schelling, which is so near an approach to musical imbecility as to threaten my reason when I hear it, but which is no sooner composed as an act of vanity than it is performed as an act of friendship.

Another questionable act of friendship is the Philharmonic's playing the Siegfried's Death music in memory of a certain piano manufacturer who died recently. To his grandfather we owe a justly famous piano; to his father musical activities owed generous support; but to him, so far as I know, we owe only the thorough and objectionable commercializing of his firm, not only in its dealings with artists but in its handling of its product. It might have allowed the excellence of this product to advertise itself and attract the small class of discriminating patrons. Instead these patrons have had to pay what it has cost in advertising to attract the much larger number of people who buy the piano for the same reason that they buy a well-advertised patent medicine; and this inflation of demand occurred just as it was becoming difficult to obtain workmen and materials of the quality of twenty or thirty years ago. The instrument, then, is the only good one in America, but it is only as good as it can be under conditions which might in large measure have been avoided by a less grasping management. It is the only good one in America, but specimens as completely fine as those of former years are rarer.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

Appropriate Romance

SIMPLE romance, elementary but effective suspense, and a dash of patriotic feeling all combine to make Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand" (Garrick Theater) a highly entertaining play to which one might take one's grandmother without giving offense and for the understanding of which a ten-year-old child would need no particular explanation. The scene happens to be a small German principality at the time of the American Revolution and the action happens to concern itself with the happily frustrated efforts of a princeling to sell twelve thousand of his subjects to the English king for service against the rebellious American colonies; but these circumstances are important only because they serve to give local habitation to an intrigue which is the common property of all historical romances and a name to personages who have been embodied in countless plays. And yet, as the play well demonstrates, such materials are quite sufficient when properly used.

The humble secretary, two of whose brothers have been sold as he says "on the hoof," conspires with the repentant mistress of the prince to prevent the outrage. With her consent he uses the signet ring to transmit a sealed message to King Frederick of Prussia and at the last moment the *deus ex machina*, arrayed in all the glory of a Prussian uniform, arrives. King Frederick will not permit the transportation of such troops through his dominion, and so, though the heroic secretary will doubtless hang, his people are saved. The mistress trips away for Paris, "where one does not have to haggle for blood like a shopkeeper in order to enjoy a little life and splendor," and then the *deus* unrolls another parchment: he is instructed to bring the secretary safely to Potsdam and to promise him employment there with the philosophical king.

It is difficult to retell such a fable without implying a certain condescension toward its naive simplicity, but in the present instance there is no real excuse for patronage. Bruno Frank (pleasantly translated by William Drake) handles his materials not only with skill but with an engaging unpretentiousness as well. One knows pretty well, to be sure, just how everything is going to turn out, but one would rather resent any effort to vary a formula which affords such pleasant and complete emotional satisfactions. One finds oneself surrendering with childlike interest to the course of the intrigue and pleased with a childlike pleasure when everything turns out so exactly as it ought. A few members of the audience, fresh from the oil scandals retailed in the evening papers, tittered nervously when the secretary, refusing the offer of the king, decides to go to America instead and exclaims: "There is no master there; only Heaven above, the rain, and the sunshine. Man stands by himself, sustained by his natural rights, equal to equal, and is free." Such, however, is the power of romance that only a few perceived the irony, and I doubt if they were wise to spoil their fun. Mary Ellis is very charming as the mistress, and if Basil Sydney rather tends to overflow with suppressed emotion the play does, after all, demand a theatrical interpretation.

Those who have seen Miss Zoe Akins's recent plays are familiar with the exuberant romanticism to which they attempt to give expression and know about what they are to expect—very elegant (preferably titled) people, soaring tragic sentiments, and a good many tags from Shakespeare distributed indiscriminately to all the characters whenever they feel themselves getting beyond their depth. "The Furies" (Shubert Theater) is composed of all the usual elements, including the Shakespearean tags, and though it is not a successful play it comes nearer than any of Miss Akins's recent efforts to hypnotizing the audience into an acceptance of its gushing emotionalism. The opening soliloquy is a really brilliant piece of writing, and the whole first act, played in a very spirited fashion by Laurette Taylor, A. E. Anson, Estelle Winwood, and Ian MacLaren, is characterized by a certain verve which disarms criticism. The second act, however, degenerates into a rather interesting detective story and then the third goes completely to pieces until it has become no more than a farrago of sensational scenes in the course of which the heroine is trapped in a tower with a mad man while his sister (also mad) plays appropriate tunes on a violin in the next room. Life as Miss Akins sees it must be a very romantic and extraordinary thing, but she has never yet entirely succeeded in making anybody else see it through her eyes.

Of recent years the musical comedy has shown a disposition to turn manly and to lay less stress on the shrill pipings of the merry village maidens than upon the lusty carolings of soldiers and swashbucklers. "The Three Musketeers," which Mr. Ziegfeld has just produced at the Lyric, seems to me about the best example yet seen of this hearty school. It has some swinging tunes, it is set with lavish good taste, and it has a plot which actually holds the interest. I have no doubt that it will enjoy a huge success.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATERS

THE THEATRE GUILD *Presents*

JOHN GOLDEN Theatre, 58th St., East of Broadway
Dinner intermission. Eves. only at 5:30

Eugene O'Neill's

"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

REPUBLIC Theatre, West 42nd St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wed. and Sat., 2:40

PORGY

A FOLK PLAY

BY DUBOSE AND DOROTHY HEYWARD

THEATRE GUILD ACTING CO. *in*

Eugene O'Neill's

Week of Mar. 19 MARCO MILLIONS

Bernard Shaw's

Week Mar. 26 "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA"

GUILD THEATRE, WEST 52nd STREET
Matinees Thursday and Saturday

"Greater than 'Potemkin'"—Gerhard, Evening World.

the Remarkable RUSSIAN Film Masterpiece

"CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE"

A Sovkino Production

Acclaimed in all the capitals of Europe as an amazing re-creation of the Mad Monarch and his times

Enacted by the MOSCOW ART PLAYERS

headed by LEONIDOFF

KEITH ALBEE CAMEO THEATRE 42nd St. & B'way NOW

"A worthy picture."—Hall, N. Y. *Times.*

"Perfect motion picture."—*Eve. Telegram.*

CONCERT

Civic Repertory Theater 14th St., 6th Ave., Sunday, April 1st, at 3:30

ROBERT KARR *presents*

AN AFTERNOON OF

RUSSIAN AND SPANISH SONGS

AND FOLK SONGS OF PRESENT DAY RUSSIA

Given by Sergi Radamsky Tenor

Popular prices: $1.65, $1.10, 75c, 50c, 25c. Now at box office.

DEBATE

SAVE THE DATE

Friday Evening, March 30th, 8:15

DEBATE

SCOTT NEARING — NORMAN THOMAS

Subject: COMMUNISM VS. SOCIALISM

Community Church—Park Ave. & 34th St.

Tickets: $1.00, $1.50, a few at $2.00

FOR SALE: Community Church; Rand School, 7 E. 15th St.
Jimmie Higgins Book Shop, 106 University Pl.
By Mail: New Masses, 39 Union Square

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chili" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*. He is now on his way back to Mexico City.

MARGARET NAUMBURG founded the Walden School in New York City.

PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE is a New York newspaperman who has made a study of Russian-American relations.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is in the department of sociology at Northwestern University.

W. NORMAN BROWN is professor of Sanscrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is author of "A New Constitution for a New America."

BROADUS MITCHELL is in the department of political economy at Johns Hopkins University.

WALTER GUTMAN is an American critic of painting who has studied both here and abroad.

B. H. HAGGIN has written a series of articles on musical criticism for *The Nation*.

LECTURES

The Community Church

Park Avenue and 34th Street

Sunday, March 25, at 11 A. M.

Morning Service

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"Understanding the Conservative Mind"

Community Forum at 8 P. M.

SCOTT NEARING

"Russia and China"

Questions, discussion—admission free

HARRY A. OVERSTREET

Professor Philosophy, College of the City of New York
Author and Lecturer on Philosophic Subjects

Lectures on

"Building Minds for Tomorrow"

Thursdays, 8:15 P. M.

March 22—"Building World Mindedness"
March 29—"Salvaging the Adult"

Admission 75c

DR. WILL DURANT

in a Course of Four Lectures on

"Philosophy"

Thursdays, 8:15 P. M.

April 5—"Is Progress Real?"
April 12—"Our Changing Morals"
April 19—"The Nature of Love"
April 26—"The Quest of Happiness"

Single admission 75c Course ticket $2.50

Course tickets may be procured in advance at Office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Martyred Tyrol

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, March 8

AS I write, Austria is tensely awaiting Signor Mussolini's promised reply to the revelations by Austrian deputies of the state of affairs in South Tyrol. There has never, of course, been any suggestion that Austria could take any action to relieve the 250,000 German-Austrians who are suffering under the forcible attempts to deprive them of their national language, religion, and characteristics generally. The resentment now aroused against Italy is due to the Italian attitude that the Austrians must not only stand by impotently while their brothers are suffering but that they must also stand by in silence.

Were Austria in a position to undertake any military action for the South Tyrolese, it would be comprehensible that in certain foreign countries her Government should be condemned for disturbing the peace of Europe if it uttered any threats against Italy. But if the recent debates in the Vienna Parliament are studied, it will be realized that the Government throughout deprecated even the references made by Tyrolese deputies to the sufferings of their people south of the Brenner. Even these deputies did no more than point out the helplessness and sufferings of the population; they were agreed that there was no popular remedy save in a return of the Italian people to its old traditions of liberal government which have been so completely banished from South Tyrol. Very little is heard of the severity of the Italian regime there, which, it can be said without fear of contradiction, is the most repressive in Europe. The reason is not that the people are growing accustomed to their lot, but that it is against everyone's interests to champion them. When Germany has ventured to do so she has been accused of endeavoring to interfere in Italian affairs; Austria, who realizes only too well her completely defenseless position, fears not only possible hostilities but economic reprisals as well. The Vienna press is usually silent for two reasons; first, because, as I have reason to know, the Austrian Foreign Office endeavors on all occasions to play for safety and discourages publication even of the best-authenticated instances of Italian severity, and second because the press itself fears the easy remedy available for the governments of all the surrounding countries against Austria—the suppression of the offending Austrian paper on its territory.

The facts concerning South Tyrol are so clear that the only excuse for summarizing them is that they are so seldom mentioned. In justice the Italians were fully entitled to take from Austria the district around Trent and up to the gorge of Salurn. But as part of her price for entering the war on the side of the Allies, Italy demanded the frontier of the Brenner, and secured it together with a solid block of 200,000 to 225,000 German-Austrians, citizens of the tiny principality of Tyrol which has a record of patriotism of which the United States would not need to be ashamed. The Austrian Government protested against this mutilation of the province, and was told, in the Allies' reply refusing to draw up a different frontier, that "As appears from the very clear explanations given in the Roman Parliament by the Italian Minister President, the Italian Government intends to pursue toward its new subjects in respect of their language, institutions, and economic interests a large and liberal policy." Signor Tittoni, Italian representative at the Peace Conference, said in the Italian Chamber in September, 1919: "Italy will include 180,000 Germans in her new domain . . . Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Serbia are bound by ordinances inserted in the treaties of peace to respect the language, religion, institutions, and all free activities of the national minorities. And it is very necessary that these ordinances should be faithfully and loyally observed. Italy . . . is under no legal obligation of this kind, but in my view the liberal traditions which are her glory and distinction make it her moral duty to act in the same way." Signor Luzatti, the Rapporteur, declared "It must be an obligation of honor . . . to allow to the Germans . . . the free enjoyment of their autonomous institutions . . . for only thus will Italy be true to the traditions of the old Romans."

The condition of Italian minorities in, for instance, Jugoslavia, is regulated by the peace treaties:

> Jugoslavia is obliged to allow her minorities full power of development in their national life, complete freedom of intercourse in respect of religion, the press, and the conduct of societies and meetings.
>
> The minorities have the right to erect schools and educational institutions in which they shall be at liberty to use their mother tongues without restrictions. Where minorities are of any considerable size, the state is to provide state schools for them.

This was the treatment which, according to the promise made by the Allies to the Austrians, would be accorded by the Italians of their own free will to the Germans of South Tyrol; this was the treatment which Italian statesmen proudly proclaimed Italy would grant because she was Italy.

For four years the Italians treated the South Tyrolese moderately well and the latter responded; there was no revolution, obstruction, or opposition. That the people were happy could hardly be expected, but they admitted to me personally that, given the injustice of the partition of Tyrol, they had little complaint against their new masters. Then came the change; we have it in Mussolini's own words:

"South Tyrol . . . was entirely German, . . . everywhere nothing but Germans and German speech. I have set this right. On the Austrian frontier I have introduced a zone of thirty kilometers within which only persons with a special permit may live. The Italian language is now obligatory throughout the country. . . . The land must become Italian." Practically, this has meant and means today a series of oppressive measures the mere titles of which would fill a page of this paper. All German newspapers have been stopped; not only are there no state schools teaching in the native language, but even private schools are forbidden to teach the children in that language. The singing of German songs is forbidden, and hundreds of persons have been arrested and deported for offenses against these regulations. Compulsory Italianization, indeed, has been carried to the extent of demanding that family names of Tyrolese citizens be Italianized as well as names and inscriptions on the tombstones in the cemeteries. South Tyrol is today the most tragic corner of Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED